The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914.

Summary of the News

The persistent rumors of the past two weeks that the fall of Gen. Huerta would not long be delayed have finally crystallized in a report, published on Monday, which is apparently well authenticated, that the Mexican delegates to the mediation conference have power to submit the resignation of Huerta if that course is found to be necessary to a settlement. The conditions on which Huerta will consent to be eliminated, it is said, may be expected also to eliminate Carranza and Villa from any personal share in the future government of Mexico, and the further suggestion is made that a commission form of government may be adopted, consisting of representatives appointed by the Federal and Constitutional parties, and possibly also by the Zapatistas, acting with the support of the United States.

Whether conditions of this character would commend themselves to the Constitutionalist leaders or to President Wilson is another matter. From recent dispatches from Washington it appears certain that the President has in contemplation a more far-reaching scheme of settlement than a mere temporary adjustment of the immediate problems of Mexican government, and that his aim will be to effect a radical reorganization of the present system of landholding in Mexico, which the Administration regards as the fundamental cause of the chronically unsettled condition of the country.

The attitude of Carranza and Villa, while increasingly friendly towards this country, remains, on the question of mediation, uncompromising, their position apparently being that they will hear proposals for a general settlement of the question only in Mexico City itself. Few obstacles now bar their approach to the city, although it is estimated that six weeks must elapse before they can reach it. Tampico fell on Wednesday of last week, and Tuxpan, a rich oil town, 128 miles north of Vera Cruz, on the following day. The attack on Saltillo was commenced on Saturday or Sunday, Villa's forces have been reinforced from Torreon, and the town is gradually being hemmed in. It was reported from Washington on Monday that the Constitutionalists are exhibiting a disposition to exact money for their campaign from business interests at Tampico, and representations on the matter have been made by Secretary Bryan to Gen. Carranza.

It was announced on Saturday that, in response to strong representations made through the Brazilian Minister in Mexico City, Gen. Huerta had undertaken to investigate the case of Parks, the American private who, while insane, wandered into the Mexican lines at Vera Cruz and is reported to have been executed, and if murder was committed to punish those responsible. Other incidents of the week have been: the sudden appearance of Zapata, the rebel leader in Morelos, in the suburbs of Mexico City; the confirmation by Gen. Funston of the report published two weeks ago that Federals had destroyed the San Francisco bridge on the Interoceanic Railway near Vera Cruz, and the arrival at Vera Cruz on Monday of Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, formerly Huerta's Minister of the Interior, who had escaped from Mexico City on learning of a plot against his life.

Notice was served on Chairman Clayton, of the House Judiciary Committee, on Monday that a fight would be made by organized labor to force the adoption in the Clayton Anti-Trust bill of a provision exempting the labor unions from prosecution under the Sherman law.

As we write, indications are that the Tolls Repeal bill will not come to a vote in the Senate until late next week. Senator Thomas, of Colorado, whose position on the tolls question has been in doubt, announced on May 13 that he should vote against the measure in deference to what he conceives to have been the Baltimore platform, although personally he was in favor of the repeal.

We deal elsewhere with the situation in Colorado, the most notable developments in which have been the President's message to Gov. Ammons, on May 16, criticising the action of the latter in permitting the adjournment of the Legislature without making adequate provision for the resumption by the State of control of the situation, and the somewhat evasive reply of Gov. Ammons.

Colonel Benavides, the acting head of the Government of Peru since the expulsion of President Billinghurst, was elected Provisional President on May 15. Col. Benavides has taken the oath of office and has appointed a Cabinet, but the followers of Roberto E. Leguia, the constitutional Vice-President, who was his opponent for the provisional Presidency, have protested against the election on the ground that it was held in an unconstitutional manner, and on Monday a group of 121 Senators and Deputies declared themselves a national Congress and proclaimed Leguia Vice-President of the republic.

President Menocal in a special message to the Cuban Congress on May 13 recommended the chartering of a national bank with a capital of $20,000,000, and the privilege of issuing twice this amount in bills against the Government, giving bonds as security.

The last of the three boats containing the crew of the steamship Columbian, which was abandoned burning on May 4, was picked up by the revenue cutter Seneca on Sunday. Only five of the sixteen who were in the boat when she left the Columbian were rescued, and of these one died after being taken aboard the Seneca. The remaining eleven had perished of exposure and starvation. The boat when picked up was 140 miles north of the point where the Columbian was abandoned.

An interesting development in the Home Rule situation last week was the statement by Mr. Asquith that the Government would introduce an amending bill to the Home Rule for Ireland measure, in the hope that it would be passed by agreement between parties, in which case both the Home Rule bill and the amending bill would be passed simultaneously. Mr. Redmond, on behalf of the Nationalists, declared that he would hold himself free to deal with the measure on its merits when it came up.

The report of the Carnegie Commission on the Balkan wars, on the findings of which we comment elsewhere, was made public on Monday. The investigations of the Commissioners leave no room for doubt that abominable atrocities were perpetrated by the troops of all the countries engaged in the two wars, the conduct of the Christian armies in their internecine struggle revealing no favorable comparison with that of the Turks.

The reports circulated in this country that a German syndicate had been organized, with the endorsement of the Government, to finance Hayti in return for a coaling station and other concessions, has been officially denied. The only step taken by Germany in the matter, it is stated, has been to enter a demand for a share in the control of Haytian finances, should they be reorganized.

The celebrations in connection with the centenary of Norwegian independence from Denmark were inaugurated on Friday of last week by the opening of the exposition by King Haakon and Queen Maud.

Count Okuma, the new Premier of Japan, in a statement of the policy to be pursued by his administration, issued on May 15, endeavored, apparently, to reconcile the conflicting claims of those who clamor for material increases in the country's armaments, and of the general public which is already crushed by a burden of over-taxation. While emphasizing the necessity for retrenchment in the national finances, the Premier promised increases in the army and navy "compatible with the resources of the empire."

The Russian Duma last week rejected the budget by a majority of seventy.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan, which expired on August 24 last, was ratified on May 13 by the Privy Council of Japan.

The deaths of the week include: Paul L. T. Heroult, May 12; Otto Magnus, Mrs. John R. Mayo, May 13; William Wainwright, May 14; Frederick D. Monk, May 15; Consul John L. Griffiths, May 17; Edward Burns, Admiral Sir Charles Drury, Charles Sprague Pearce, May 18.

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The Week

Signs that the Huerta régime is rapidly crumbling are now so thick and ominous that no one longer doubts seriously that its end is near. It may not be literally true that the Provisional President has empowered his agents at the peace conference to present his resignation, on terms, as a part of the agreement they are to strive to reach; but it is evident that he cannot long maintain himself. That the Mexicans who have been his main support are now prepared to abandon his cause, and do the best they can for themselves and their interests, is hardly questioned. With the rebels passing from victory to victory, and with the United States Government not relaxing its hostility to him, the result is inevitable. Huerta has held out longer than most people expected—certainly, much longer than President Wilson expected. He has displayed some admirable qualities. He has been tenacious and he has been calm. He has had skilled diplomatic advisers. But the great stakes for which they played are now hopelessly lost. The most at present hoped for by the large property-owners and the wealthy business men who have thus far stood by Huerta—the party known in Mexico as the "Cientificos"—is that some way may be found to safeguard them and avert the setting up of a proscriptive government by Villa and Carranza.

Thus the problems upon which the peace commissioners are engaged have already passed far beyond the scope of the original questions contemplated. This is now the understanding of all parties to the conference. It is not merely to avert war between the United States and Mexico that the South American diplomats have been exerting themselves this month past. That end they may well believe has already been attained, or is plainly in sight. What they have been so zealously and so disinterestedly working for is something much more far-reaching. It is known that the South Americans have been straining every diplomatic nerve to bring about a real concert of the American Powers in dealing with this large question which so greatly concerns them all. That they clearly perceive the need of a broad policy of reconstruction in Mexico is obvious. They apparently contemplate some form of temporary government in that country, able to point to a mandate, as it were, from all the American republics, and containing the promise of order and upbuilding for Mexico. They will not stickle over nice distinctions about intervention. They must see, as all the world does, that the United States has long been actually intervening in Mexico; and the problem now is to make that intervention joint, effective, and constructive.

It was never probable that the "émeute" of certain Democrats in the House over the side-tracking of the bill for rural credits, would grow into a revolution; and the thing has already calmed down. The gentlemen making the disturbance had the double motive of wishing to annoy Mr. Underwood and the President, and of striking an heroic attitude in favor of the farmer. But their idea of the nature of the real legislation proposed is doubtless very shadowy. They apparently have in mind something like the enactment of a pious wish that farm loans could be marketable at easier rates of interest. But we may be sure that if they were asked to go through the proposed bill in its entirety, and explain and defend all of its provisions, they would shrink from the task. It is, indeed, a formidable document, forty-eight pages long. That it bristles with financial and administrative difficulties is clear on simple inspection; but its framers had the ingenious notion of referring the knottiest of these to the Federal Reserve Board for solution. This feature by itself would be enough to make it most unwise to press it to passage at the present time. The Federal Reserve Board will be sufficiently loaded down with work during the months of organizing the new banking system, and setting it in operation, without having all these rural-credit puzzles thrust upon it. It has been confidently stated that President Wilson is opposed to the bill in its present form because it involves a subsidy from the United States Treasury. The reference would seem to be to that section of the bill which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to "purchase from Federal land banks farm-loan bonds, not previously issued or sold, in an amount not to exceed $50,000,000 during any one year."

The Hon. James E. Gaffney, who is supposed to know something about the process which Mr. Mellen described as dealing with the devil, but which others know as doing business with Tammany, gives it as his expert opinion that the former president of the New Haven was "buncoed." If he thought he was buying Tammany's favor he was deceived; and if anybody came to him, as from the Wigwam, bearing Westchester stock to be exchanged for New Haven stock, the man was simply an adventurer or impostor. Especially does Mr. Gaffney scorn the idea that the late Inspector Byrnes was, at the time Mr. Mellen made the bargain with him, in a position either to influence or to "deliver" Tammany. All this may have truth in it. Nothing is more probable than that, after it became known that Mr. Mellen had "due-bills" to distribute in order to obtain "modifications" of the Westchester charter, his office was made the resort of many a gentleman who lives by his wits. Moreover, it is a well-known rule in the process of corruption, that when you have paid out $100 in bribery, you soon have to follow it up with $200 for blackmail. And it will be observed that none of these things go to the point of Mr. Mellen's willingness to sup with the devil, if he could find a spoon long enough to do it in safety. On his general proposition regarding the devil as a business agent, the Chicago *Record-Herald* interviewed a number of railway men and bankers. They all with one consent advised against entering into transactions with his Satanic Majesty. Apart from moral scruples, there was always the strong probability that the devil would beat you in the trade!

The Yankee enterprise implicit in the proposal reported to the Senate for a globe-wide system of commercial attachés is another index of the rapid disappearance of our self-satisfied outlook upon foreign markets. Devoting their entire time to investigations and reports to which the Consuls have been able to give only half their energy, and having wider range of movement, these "trade-scouts" should infuse a more con-

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sistent energy into our rather fitful skirmishings for business. The enthusiasm of commercial men for the "virgin fields" which they are vaguely assured await them has been observed to be largely spasmodic, rising highest when the home market is a bit dull. Communicating with them through the Department of Commerce, the attachés should help dissipate the persistent obstacles to North American trade—ignorance of language, customs, and market-demands, bad packing and transportation, and indifference to foreign credit systems. The greatest stress is to be laid on the fact that, supplementary to our present foreign representation, any such corps of trade servants should be placed on a civil-service foundation.

The one spot in the Mexican war zone on which the attention of the General Staffs of the German and British armies must be fixed is neither Vera Cruz, nor Saltillo, nor Tampico, but Mazatlan, on the Pacific Coast, where the aeroplane seems at last to be realizing its much-debated possibilities as an actual engine of warfare. It is true that Mazatlan is a beleaguered city, and that the reports of the havoc wrought by Constitutionalist aeroplanes come from the Constitutionalists themselves. Nevertheless, there is no reason for questioning the main fact that flying machines have been dropping bombs into a fortified city with some effect. The aeroplane has been employed in Tripoli and Morocco, but hurling bombs at ill-armed Arab cavalry is a different matter from attacking a fortified place presumably equipped with long-range artillery. In the Balkan War the aeroplane was employed exclusively for reconnoitring purposes, and not very extensively at that. It is still a question whether a flying machine could venture with equal impunity over Metz or Strassburg as over Mazatlan.

Liberal expenditures by a candidate for Congress from North Carolina have called attention to the severity of the corrupt-practices act of that State. The law allows campaign expenses amounting to 50 per cent. of the salary of the office sought, and this provision is strengthened by the regulation that all financial or similar service rendered in aid of a candidate must be reported to him. It would be a violation of this law for a friend of the candidate to give a cigar to a voter, with a view to influencing him, without reporting the incident to the candidate. The candidate must make a report of receipts and expenditures, as must secretaries or chairmen of executive committees. The latter are required to make two reports, one not later than ten days before the election and the other within twenty days after it. To promise a job to any one in return for electioneering services is a felony. The law goes into subtler matters when it provides that no one may publish a derogatory charge against a candidate without signing his name, and the circulation of false reports is heavily penalized. All that is necessary, as the Charlotte *Observer* sagely remarks, is to see that these provisions are enforced.

In certain respects, the "supposed speech" by John Adams is now displaced. While school children will still be made to recite it, as representative at once of a state of mind that had a great influence on our history and of Websterian oratory, their real wonder will be reserved for the supposed speech of La Follette, winding its leisurely way through 368 closely printed pages. In mere length there is no comparison between the earlier and the later effort. Nor can the former be said to have the variety of the latter. It did not occur to the Massachusetts orator to stuff his remarks with editorials, interviews, letters, and comment of one sort and another; and telegrams, of course, were not yet. In all of these phases of oratory the Wisconsin Senator has outdistanced, not only his New England rival, but every other public speaker of any age or country. It is easy to imagine the smile of gratification that will light up the face of every Wisconsin farmer as he lifts his bulky *Congressional Record* into wagon or automobile, and hastens home to begin at his earliest opportunity upon the ample supply of summer reading with which a generous Government and a not too reticent Senator have provided him.

In conclusion the letter [of the Rev. Bouck White] warns Dr. Woelfkin that, if his suggestion is rejected, "the wild element" will be stirred to "desperate means," and will attempt to "justify violence by the assertion that an orderly exchange of views is not possible."

Thus we see that the right to hold a "joint debate" in church is regarded by some of our advanced thinkers as one of the self-evident rights of man, and one so fundamental that its refusal furnishes a passably good justification for violence. And the queer thing is that not a few good people, who would be shocked at the idea that they had anything in common with "the wild element," see nothing absurd or intolerable in this notion. They don't quite subscribe to the view, but they think that "there is something to be said for it," that "it is not so very far wrong," or the like. Unfortunately, there is "something to be said" for almost anything. There is something to be said for the abolition of property, for free love, for letting children grow up without discipline and without learning anything but what they have a fancy for. But we live in a world in which, in regard to any particular thing that is to be done or suffered, what we have to decide is not whether there is "something to be said for it" or not, but whether, in point of fact, it is wise or foolish, rational or irrational, tolerable or intolerable. If any one does not see that Bouck White's idea is foolish, irrational, and intolerable, perhaps he will be helped by trying to imagine the actual nature, number, and extent of the debates in Mr. Rockefeller's church which would be necessary to satisfy "the wild element" that it had really got a square deal in the matter of "an orderly exchange of ideas."

Baltimore's dropping of "Peace Day" from this year's schedule of school events seems hard to justify. The reason assigned for the action is that a militant Colonel made a speech before the School Board, in which he attacked the policy of "peace at any price," and denounced the publications of the American Peace Society, which in the past has supplied most of the material for the occasion, as "seditious." By its action, the Board virtually confesses either that it does not care to have the ideal of peace emphasized before the school children, or that it does not know how to do it without weakening their spirit of patriotism. Neither alternative reflects credit upon it. It is quite safe to

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say that most persons manage to be patriotic and peace-loving at the same time, and that very few indeed believe in peace, or in much of anything else, for that matter, at "any" price. To omit the usual observance of Peace Day at this particular time, moreover, is peculiarly unfortunate; it gives the impression that advocacy of peace is proper only when there are no war clouds on the horizon.

The first number of the *Unpopular Review* appeared at the opening of the year, and the publishers state, in an advertisement, that a third impression of that issue, as well as a second impression of the current issue, has just gone to press. It appears, then, that there are still among us some individuals who think it possible that a series of articles published in a quarterly review so far back as four and a half months ago may be worth reading to-day. This is most discouraging. We had supposed that the entire public had been educated to the point of recognizing that "timeliness" is the one cardinal virtue in a magazine or review, the lack of it the one capital sin. It may, indeed, be pleaded, in behalf of these queer people who wish to read—and go so far as actually to buy—a review hoary with four months of age, that the articles in it deal with the larger questions of the time, and are not dependent for their value on the momentary mood of the public or the events of the day.

Announcement has recently been made of "A Cambridge History of American Literature," in preparation for the Cambridge Press. In two volumes, it will deal with the subject from colonial times, after the model of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." The general editor, who is to have wide collaboration, is Professor Trent. Needless to say, the work will fill a distinct gap. America no more has her Lanson—her single compendious historian—than has England. The new history will show a range of specialized subjects investigated by experts. The forthcoming work should signalize a change in the rather cold spirit of American scholarship towards our literature. Whereas twenty years ago scholars in this field with special training, Tylers and Cookes and Stedmans, were rare if outstanding, to-day a number can be enlisted. The sub-editors of the work are Professor Erskine and Professor Van Doren, of Columbia, and Professor Sherman, of Illinois.

How radical is the temper of our time is shown by its effect upon that moss-encrusted conservative, the college undergraduate. Who had any great hope at the beginning of the public agitation two or three years ago that reform of Yale's Tap Day would be brought about before men then freshmen had attained to the dignity of seniors? Yet this has been achieved, and in just the way it should have been, without larger sacrifice of the old than was necessary to remove the abuses that had crept in. The senior secret societies last week selected forty of the fifty candidates proposed by the juniors. There is regret over the vanishing of the picturesqueness of the historic ceremony, but one of the excrescences of the institution of Tap Day was its public character, with the consequent exaggeration of the tenseness and the disappointments connected with it. This feature of the occasion had given it an altogether false importance in the minds of those interested, as if one's life, liberty, and happiness were bound up in what happened in that brief but momentous interval between the first tapping and the last. Too much cannot be said in praise of the juniors, who took their social lives in their hands in demanding sweeping alterations in the affair, or of the seniors, upon whom rested the decision whether the day was to assume a somewhat new and better significance.

The decennial redistribution of seats in the Canadian Commons has not passed without friction; and as protests of the Maritime Provinces against the old basis of distribution, on which their representation must increasingly be cut down, involve amendment of the Constitution, it is notable how vexed is the question of sovereignty thus raised. The anomalous uncertainty as to the amending power in Canada is in marked contradistinction to the definite provisions on that head in South Africa and Australia. Though the British Parliament nominally retains this power, it would, of course, exercise it only in conformity with the will of the people of Canada. But does the Federal Parliament, or the Provincial Legislatures, or both, voice this will? When the North America Act was amended in 1907, the unanimous approval of the Dominion Parliament and of eight Provinces determined the matter against British Columbia's objections. If the present contentious question should be pressed, however, it could find only small majorities in the Federal Parliament, and the support of five of the nine Provinces. Would this suffice? The issue, not now serious, is distinctly marked for the future; for no Constitution can remain satisfactory for all time. Our "House of Governors" would find interesting the opinion of one expert that, whatever the final determination, the proper agency to initiate an amendment is the Inter-Provincial Conference of Premiers.

Of nearly ten thousand women who voted on the question submitted by the Parisian journal, *Femina*, "If you were not a woman, what man would you prefer to have been?" nearly all gave first preference to Napoleon. Next in order came Pasteur, Victor Hugo, Edison, Poincaré, Rostand, Blériot, Wagner, Beethoven, and De Musset. Here is an apparently shattering rebuttal for Olive Schreiner and other feminist-pacifists who have argued that the emancipation of women would bring about the cessation of war because the mothers of men would refuse to be partners in the wastage of lives. The answer, of course, is that the women who voted for the greatest war lord in history have done so because they are still slaves to the ideals of masculinism. That is, provided the feminists do not prefer to turn the vote to their own purposes by showing that the ten thousand women voted very much as ten thousand men would have voted under the same circumstances, and that consequently there is no inherent difference in sex outlook upon the world. Nevertheless, it is rather disconcerting, after so much has been written about the peculiar sensibility of the feminine soul to poetry and music, to find only one poet among the first five men, and more women who would rather have been a merely respectable politician like Poincaré than Wagner or Beethoven. Just what light the contest throws on the value of the statistical method we decline to say.

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THE TWO VOICES.

It is needless to dwell upon the great strategic and moral significance of the capture of Tampico by the Mexican rebels. It is the heaviest blow they have yet dealt Huerta. Their cause is now at high-water mark. With a seaport on the Atlantic in their possession, in control of the chief fuel supply of Mexico, with Saltillo and its Federal garrison cut off and likely to fall any day, and the way open to a movement against the capital by short interior lines, it is not strange that they believe ultimate victory to be within their grasp. Diaz fled before Madero after suffering far fewer military reverses than those which have now been heaped on Huerta's head. But Huerta is made of stern and obdurate stuff and presumably will not yield, even yet, without conditions. On the other hand, he would seem the less likely to take any aggressive step against the United States, or to interpose obstacles to the progress of the peace negotiations. The whole Mexican situation, in fact, as it stands after the fall of Tampico, appears fitter than ever for mediation and adjustment in a broad and lasting way.

At such a juncture, the American people and their Government are thrown back upon the question of the large and wise policy to be pursued. Troublesome details will have to be dealt with as they arise; but behind them we must ever look to guiding principles. What are they to be? Two voices are heard in advocacy of two different courses. One of them is the voice made familiar to this country in slavery days: it preaches indefinite expansion, involving conquest and annexation, always echoing the words of Stephen A. Douglas: "Just as fast as our interests require more territory, in the North, in the South, or on the islands of the ocean, I am for it." A picturesque revival of this old fashion of American speech appears in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It has a characteristically flamboyant article headed "All Aboard for Panama!" Every foot of land to the Panama Canal, and as far beyond it as we may care to go, should be taken by the United States. Talk about peace with Mexico is humbug. It is mere "chatter" to say that we will not take Mexican territory. We cannot fool the South Americans by any such pretences. They do not like us; they suspect us; they will not trade with us; therefore there is nothing for it but to go and take their land away from them. And listen to this:

Once more we are a united country. Slavery no longer stunts our growth, divides our counsels, and discredits our pretensions as a brave, enlightened, and free people. Behold the results. Alaska! Hawaii! The Philippines! Puerto Rico! Cuba in abeyance. Mexico in anarchy. The Panama Canal right across Central America. And over all, suspended in the air, the shining sword of Damocles, ready to come down at the bidding of whatever ambitious President utters the word; the Monroe Doctrine; not as Monroe said it and meant it, but as Seward applied it to the French in Mexico, as Cleveland applied it to the English in Venezuela, as Roosevelt proclaimed it, and Wilson construes it; our right and might; armed *cap-a-pie;* the army and navy to do the nervy act—Johnny on the spot to enforce it—and don't-let-any-of-you crowned heads of Europe, or Latin sons-of-guns in South America—greasers, mongrels, whelps, or hounds—forget it!

This may be said to be only the Wattersonian dithyrambic style. But it has many echoers and imitators. At one with it in sentiment are all those who take the high and mighty tone of race superiority as regards the Mexicans; those who talk of settling their business with the rough hand of a soldier; of there being no way except for the United States to go into Mexico and "clean it up" and then never come out. These voices have not been as numerous as might have been feared, nor have they swayed popular feeling; but they have been heard, and still may be.

Fortunately, from the first we have had counter-voices. Early and weighty among them was the utterance best entitled to catch the nation's ear because it came from the nation's chief. The speech which President Wilson made at Mobile last October enunciated the principle by which he is actuated in all our relations to the countries south of us, and it is a principle which, in every application, cuts athwart the raucous Jingoism exemplified in the *Courier-Journal*. More territory? "The United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest." A brutal consulting of our wishes alone? "We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not." Proud and fierce domination over the weaker republics of the Continent? "Our real relationship with the rest of America is the relationship of a family of mankind."

These sentiments have been, and are yet to be, put to a more severe test than Mr. Wilson could have imagined when he gave them expression. Whether they can be made regnant in the final Mexican settlement is the great question. We note only one point. They do not mean flabby acquiescence by this country in whatever may occur or may be proposed. The United States has a duty to its own nationals in Mexico. It has, moreover, assumed an international obligation which will not permit it to be indifferent if merely Amurath to Amurath succeeds in Mexico, and if revolution is piled on rapine. We have to strive for a complete and permanent solution. This is the great task laid upon the peace conference; and in attempting it, there is deep satisfaction in being assured that the Administration will be throughout guided by the determination to work for justice along with healing, and to insist upon the righting of great wrongs at the same time that it is considerate and generous.

COLORADO AND THE NATION.

The adjournment of the Colorado Legislature leaves the situation in that State as full of doubt, perplexity, and the potentialities of grave trouble as it was when the Legislature was convened. So long as the mining districts are under the control of the military forces of the United States, order will be preserved; what may happen when the Federal troops are withdrawn is matter of conjecture, but certainly matter for the gravest solicitude. The task for which the Legislature was assembled was to reestablish the State in its primary function of the preservation of order and security, and to restore confidence in its ability and determination to do so. In such a state of feeling as that now existing in Colorado, as a result of the collapse of the home government, the restoration of confidence in that government is as essential to the reëstablishment of order as is the mere provision of means for the execution of its immediate duties. Unfortunately, as matters stand, neither the material nor the moral elements needed for a cure of the State's disorder have been supplied in anything like adequate measure.

It is stated—and we have seen no contradiction of the assertion—that Gov. Ammons had in his possession, some

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hours before the two houses of the Legislature had come to a final agreement to adjourn, the telegram which President Wilson had sent him urging the duty of the State to resume its constitutional sovereignty. He did not communicate this to the Legislature until it was on the point of adjourning *sine die*. His failure to present it in time to influence action was most unfortunate; and if, as seems to be the case, it was deliberate and intentional, it was inexcusable. In this telegram the President declares that his "constitutional obligations with regard to the maintenance of order in Colorado are not to be indefinitely continued by the inaction of the State Legislature," that he "cannot conceive that the State is willing to forego her sovereignty or to throw herself entirely upon the Government of the United States," and "that it has no constitutional right to do so when it is within the power of her Legislature to take effective action." In his reply Gov. Ammons says that the President has been misinformed—that in point of fact the Legislature has taken action that will enable it soon to "control the situation." But the things done by the Legislature do not, at this distance, appear to answer that description; and it seems plainer still that they are by no means so regarded at home. The provision of a $1,000,000 bond issue, all but $300,000 of which is to be absorbed in meeting past expenses for the militia; the conferring on the Governor of the power to close saloons in times of disorder; the enactment of a law prohibiting the carrying of firearms at such times—these seem to constitute an extremely feeble apparatus for coping with a situation of such desperate character. The Governor speaks also of a "mediation" committee; but what that may accomplish is in the highest degree problematical—let alone the fact that opponents of the Governor describe what has been provided for, not as "mediation," but only investigation.

Notwithstanding the emphasis of the President's words, we do not believe that he will entertain any idea of withdrawing the troops from Colorado until he has substantial assurance that the State can be counted on to preserve order. He is unquestionably sincere in his desire to end the present anomalous situation at the earliest practicable moment; but he cannot afford, and the country cannot afford, to throw away the benefits that have resulted from the Federal military occupation, and invite a recurrence of the trouble that gave rise to it. What the President will do, we have no doubt, is to apply—as he endeavored to do in his telegram to Gov. Ammons—such pressure as will make it morally impossible for Colorado to fail to do her duty; and in the application of such pressure he will be backed by the sentiment of the whole country.

Unless all signs are deceptive, such a moral certainty cannot be brought about in Colorado without further action by the Legislature. That this action cannot be had without great difficulty, and that every question connected with it is full of perplexity, is only too evident. But the thing with which Colorado has to grapple is no ordinary affair of routine. The present trouble is not a temporary or accidental trouble. It is but the latest manifestation of a deep-seated disease which has shown itself in various forms of lawlessness, both on the part of the mob and on the part of persons in authority, for many years. The melancholy thing about the emergency session of the Legislature that came to an end on Saturday is not so much its failure to accomplish all that was needed, but its failure to show any true realization of the greatness of the need, to manifest the spirit which should have been evoked by the humiliating pass to which the State had come. But unless Colorado is hopelessly deficient in the qualities that we believe are inherent in the citizenship of every State of this Union, means will yet be found of causing her government to rise to the demands of the situation.

BALKAN ATROCITIES.

The report of the International Commission of Inquiry into the causes and effects of the Balkan wars, made public on Monday, is a shocking addition to the literature of horror. Writers of fiction have been busy of late in depicting the devastations of war. Their efforts pale before the matter-of-fact recital produced by a body of investigators who went at their task in a spirit of scientific impartiality and accuracy. Treachery, massacre, devastation, and pillage, culminating in indescribable acts of bestiality inflicted upon men, women, and children—such is the sad tale of a struggle which in the beginning was hailed as a war in the cause of civilization.

The International Commission was instituted largely upon the demand of the Bulgarian Government. Bulgaria, beaten to her knees in a war in which she found herself completely encircled by her enemies—Greece, Servia, Turkey, Rumania—compelled to sign a humiliating treaty, deprived of the greater share of her conquests from the Turk, nevertheless refused to be quiet under the additional stigma that it was the inhuman conduct of her armies and irregular partisans which forced her Christian allies to turn upon her. The Greeks were particularly active in giving publicity to the tale of Bulgarian excesses, and the march of the Greek army into the Ægean territories was described as a necessary act of reprisal against an enemy of civilization.

On that point the Commission's report vindicates the Bulgarian Government and nation. The Bulgarians were not the first to begin the game of massacre and pillage in the conquered territories. There is evidence that the Greek "reprisals" took place before the Bulgarian "provocations," and that in their nature they were more cruel than most of the acts the Bulgarians were guilty of. When so much is said—as in all fairness it must be said—it still remains true that the burden of responsibility for precipitating the second Balkan war does rest with the Bulgarian military party. While the Government at Sofia was earnestly trying to bring about arbitration of its quarrel with Servia and Greece, the military party took matters into its own hands. A Bulgarian peace representative was actually on his way to St. Petersburg when Gen. Savoff gave orders for an advance that proved the undoing of his country and deluged Macedonia and Thrace for a second time with the blood of a peaceful population.

The very course of the Balkan wars, like the passions to which they gave rise, harks back to primitive conditions. Modern war usually passes over the countryside like a swift blast of destruction; the agony may be intense, but it is short. Here it was less a war than a grapple between drunken combatants stumbling back and forth in their fury. The inhabitants of Thrace and Macedonia had to endure the pas-

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sage, not of an army, but of armies and bands. It was like the Thirty Years' War. In Thrace, for instance, the Bulgarian armies first swept the Turks before them, burning the villages as they advanced, as the Commission's report describes. Then came the Bulgarian *débâcle* and the Turkish return to Adrianople bearing a second crop of slaughter and pillage. So it was in eastern Macedonia, except that there the Bulgarians gave ground before the Greeks, whose vengeance was no less summary. It is not the regular troops against whom the worst atrocities are charged up, but the national militias—bashi-bazouks, comitadjis, and the Greek *antartes*—and the inhabitants themselves, stirred to blood-fury by their own sufferings.

What makes the story more painful is that such exhibitions of blood-lust were not altogether the outburst of passion under the stimulus of war frenzy. Too often the atrocities enumerated by the Commission were the results of deliberate policy, or at least the outcome, not of a normal racial antipathy, but of a racial hatred nurtured through years of civil warfare. One need only recall what the history of Macedonia had been for the decade preceding the Turkish revolution. Sooner or later Macedonia was to be lost to the Turk. While waiting for the heritage the Balkan nationalities set themselves to "nationalize" Macedonia in preparation for the Sick Man's demise. The country was ravaged by guerrilla warfare. Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian bands carried on the "conversion" of Macedonian villages with fire and sword. If such hideous practices were tolerated in times of peace, one can imagine what would come under open warfare. Here the Commission's report is damning against the Servians and Greeks, when the unexpected successes of the war against the Turk left them in control of large territories with a Bulgarian population. It became the business of the moment to convert these villagers to Greek and Servian allegiance before peace brought the partition of the Turkish provinces. The simplest way to create a *status quo* favorable to Servian or Greek pretensions in a village was to massacre the male inhabitants wherever they showed the slightest aversion to conversion—and not infrequently after conversion. As the Commission's report says, it recalled the Assyrian method of conquest by extermination.

The report, in its present form, lacks the introduction by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, in which presumably the lessons of the inquiry are summarized. For the present the Commission can only suggest the institution of some form of international supervision over the conduct of future warfare in the Balkans. How practical such a suggestion may be it is hard to say. Yet no endeavor should be omitted to prevent or mitigate a repetition of such barbarous fury.

LEGISLATORS UNDER FIRE.

The people's right to grumble at the men whom it has delegated to make its laws is an inalienable and continuously exercised privilege of democracy. Having instructed a number of men to come together and talk things over, it is only human nature that we should accuse them of talking too much. Having elected such men from duly apportioned districts in order that from the clash and conciliation of local interests they might shape a just and equitable national policy, we naturally proceed to complain of the parochial outlook that guides the conduct of the average legislator. Legislative bodies have far from mastered the art of pleasing all of the people all of the time, but as a rule they are too aggressive or too subservient, too ready to take orders from their constituents or too ready to take orders from anybody other than their constituents. Such popular discontent with representative government may find expression in the good-natured irony which is our own peculiar attitude towards things of importance, or may take the form of bitter criticism as it has done abroad. At the present moment "parliamentarism" is under heavy fire in the two principal European democracies, Great Britain and France.

In France, which has just gone through a general election, the "crisis of parliamentarism" is chronic. This crisis is supposed to consist in the fact that the representatives of the people are misrepresentative. The Chamber of Deputies, in which the supreme legislative and executive powers of the Republic are vested, is described as a conglomeration of groups and cabals, actuated solely by self-interest, by lust for Ministerial office on the part of the leaders, by desire for minor advantages, political and financial, on the part of the rank and file. The main object of the member of Parliament is to get himself elected and to stay elected. To that end he becomes largely a ward leader on a large scale, with the distribution of patronage as his principal function. France has been peculiarly prolific in government scandals arising from the close affiliation between politics and high finance. To the opponents of the present régime the results of the parliamentary elections, coming so close on the heels of the Calmette tragedy and the latest Rochette revelations, are only another illustration of the evil grasp of parliamentarism on the life of the nation. In spite of the unsavory discoveries regarding the influence exercised by the swindler Rochette in the highest Government quarters, the Ministers and ex-Ministers involved have obtained vindication from their constituents.

At first sight such a vindication would disprove the charge that the representatives of the people do not represent the popular will. But the reply is that parliamentarism, by its control of the electoral machinery, by the free use of patronage and directer forms of corruption, is able to impose its own will on the electorate. Needless to say, that is the case as presented by the enemies not only of the parties now in power, but of the republican régime as a whole. It is the view recently formulated by that ingenious and learned Anglo-Frenchman, Hilaire Belloc, whose personal sympathies are apparently in favor of a Cæsarean democracy or an imperialism by plébiscite, whichever phrase we may prefer. The downfall of parliamentarism, says Mr. Belloc, is inevitable:

> The whole effort of the professional politician nowadays in every country is to prevent a direct appeal to the people, and the professionals in France have decided to meet the threat of it this time by a continued resistance. That resistance will prove their ruin. Their success in carrying the machine through these next elections will appear to the future historian much as the success of James II in forcing his schemes upon the English people appears to us now. But, I repeat, Governments upon the point of breaking down always act thus blindly.

British parliamentarism does not come so sharply under the suspicion of

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being corrupt; but the inefficiency of the House of Commons, its clutter, its endless talk, its concern with petty issues, its elaborate staging of pseudo-hostilities between a Government and an Opposition that are one at heart, have been severely handled by the radical thinkers of the day. Mr. Galsworthy protests against the House of Commons from the humanitarian standpoint. Mr. Wells protests from the standpoint of modern scientific efficiency. Mr. Chesterton clamors in the name of true democracy. It is the spirit of the times. Sir William Harcourt declared that we are all Socialists. To-day it is true that we are all direct actionists; that in our zeal for getting done the things we are convinced ought to be done, we are impatient of the means, and that the abstract principles of representative government lose their validity in the face of the pressing need of the moment. It is true that representative government, as it functions to-day, is criticised in the name of a truer, more democratic representative system; but so far there has been little useful suggestion as to what form this newer representative government is to take. It may be, of course, that Mr. Belloc's ideal Catholic monarch, placed high above the petty interests of the electioneering market, may more truly represent the aspirations and needs of the people. It is possible that Mr. Wells has in mind the ideal of a scientist-king, or perhaps a Board of Scientists, who could govern England more justly and more economically than the present debating club at Westminster. But it is well to recognize that these are the things people mean when they speak of a perfected representative democracy. In other words, it is not representative at all, and it is a democracy only in the sense in which Napoleon III might have used the word.

The case against the unfortunate representatives of the people suffers, of course, from exaggeration. There is no need to minimize the wire-pulling and log-rolling activities of our representative assemblies; but it is absurd to speak of parliamentary business as consisting solely of personal and petty local interests swimming in a sea of talk. The English radicals sneer at the Westminster Debating Club at the very time that this debating club is grappling with a public question whose roots run back almost half a thousand years in English history, and whose reality is attested by the threat of civil war. The French Government, which we are asked to think of as a band of corruptionists, gave to the world in the Dreyfus case a magnificent example of justice and far-sighted patriotism. Undoubtedly parliaments mingle broad issues with petty politics and great motives with mean ones. Undoubtedly the representatives of the people talk much more than they ought to. But in this mingling of motives, in this blundering, wasteful method of doing parliamentary business, the legislator is, after all, representative of our poor human way of going at things.

LITERARY INFLUENCES FROM RUSSIA.

An English reviewer, speaking of the recent revolution of the Russian theatre, declared the other day that Moscow is now the theatrical capital of Europe, and that soon it will be the literary capital. The prophecy is extra-hazardous, but it does serve to emphasize the extent to which influences dramatic and literary, emanating from Russia, have been making themselves felt in the West and, of all countries, in England. The English writer just referred to is by no means alone in describing the Theatre of Arts in Moscow as the premier stage of Europe. The extraordinary development of the drama, during recent years, in the direction of that elaborate stage managership with which the name of Max Reinhardt is most closely connected, has been carried to perfection in the ancient Russian capital. It is highly probable that from Moscow Reinhardt drew his inspiration, indirectly perhaps, by way of the Russian ballet, which has swept both continents and emphasized the trend away from the spoken drama to spectacle. Moscow was the first to apply Gordon Craig's radical theories regarding the future of the theatre in which the drama will take the form of a sublimated puppet-show. The Russians have not gone all the way with Gordon Craig; they have not yet abolished the actor. But they have produced Shakespeare with Craig's iconoclastic scenery, and they are now producing dramatizations of Dickens and Dostoievsky in elaborate spectacle with a predominant striving for atmosphere.

It is now announced that the company of the Moscow Theatre is to have a season in London. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if London shows itself appreciative, we may be able soon to see the latest ideas of Russian theatre craft in this country. Reinhardt, with his "Sumurun" and his imitators, has prepared the way. The picture-play has been popular here for some time, suffering partial eclipse only during the late visitation of Tenderloin drama. The season just passing out saw two plays of this *genre*, "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Omar the Tentmaker," following in the wake of "Sumurun," "Kismet," "The Garden of Allah," "Joseph and his Brethren," and the less successful Chinese spectacle, "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti. That London is not yet tired of the new dramatic form in which the actor's art has been subordinated to spectacle, music, and the dance is indicated by the latest play from the hand of Mr. Knoblauch, author of "Kismet." In "My Lady's Dress" he has written a series of what are virtually nine tableaux laid in pretty nearly every picturesque corner of the globe, thus attaining the fluidity almost of the musical comedy. Nor should the present rage for the dance fail to contribute to the success of a dramatic form which retains such close affiliations with the ballet.

In the field of literature the Russian influence is not so marked—scarcely at all in this country. Yet in England there is growing up a school of young novelists in whom it is impossible not to discern the influence of the Russian realists. It is true that at first sight there is no need to go outside of England for the origins of the contemporary school of realism in fiction. The popularity of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells—but particularly the former—should be enough to explain the appearance of a large group of young Englishmen who write with their eyes courageously fixed upon life. But Arnold Bennett's is not the intense, almost hysterical probing into the tragedy of existence for which the very newest men in England are now going in. A first book like J. MacDougall Hay's "Gillespie," recently reviewed in the *Nation*, by its volence, its insistence on nerve-

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racking details, its groping into the anarchy of human motive and passion, points strongly to the influence of no less a master than Dostoievsky. So the London papers are now commenting upon a just-published play by D. H. Lawrence, who has to his credit at least one elaborate experiment in realism, the psychological novel, "Sons and Lovers." In his play, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," just published in this country by Mitchell Kennerley, the influence of Dostoievsky is easily discernible in the choice of a painful subject, the eschewing of the formally "dramatic" exposition, the drab atmosphere, the emphasis on the ruthless details of the under side of life, and the tragic catastrophe relieved by a flash of that idealism of which the Russians have never lost sight in the ugliest depths of life.

It may be too much to say that this new literature is being produced under the sole inspiration of the Russians. The contemporary English novel of tragedy—if we must look beyond Bennett and Phillpotts—need not go further away than Thomas Hardy for its source. Only, youth has a way of going abroad for discoveries that it might make by delving into its own family history. The foreign commodity attracts where the domestic article is passed over as a matter of course. Dostoievsky is a novelty to the new generation. But in addition, Thomas Hardy cannot offer meat strong enough for the present-day palate. The native tradition—the Hardy tradition—is sufficiently apparent in the first stages of the present realistic advance. The author of "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," like the late Stanley Houghton, author of "Hindle Wakes," like the author of the drab London play, "Chains," like the author of the Welsh play, "Change," began with the realism of gray tints and flat voices, with monotonous domestic interiors and unpretentious tragedy. But the advance has been rapid towards the combination of cold settings with hot passions, with tortuous soul analysis and harrowing detail. The problem of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden" is one the Russians would recognize for something of their own. Not that the parallel with the author of "Crime and Punishment" can be pressed too far, but the resemblance is too close to be altogether accidental.

Foreign Correspondence

ALCOHOL IN EUROPEAN COLONIES OF AFRICA—THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE—RUSSIA'S EFFORTS TOWARDS SOBRIETY.

PARIS, May 16.

At the Musée Social, of Paris, the International Anti-Alcohol Conference has closed its sessions. From the preceding conference of Brussels, some good results have been obtained, and there is every reason to hope for similar results again, since the work of the conference has been directly practical. Now that the United States is a country with colonies and protectorates, this should be of interest to us. For the chief issue is, "Shall civilization and alcohol spread together?"

Authorities of the French colonies took part in the conference, and Germany was represented. There was a good deal of plain speaking, which was well received. The main difficulty will be solved only when, from neighboring colonies of different countries, dealers can no longer run their alcohol across frontiers for a get-rich-quick sale to natives.

Progress is being made, although local governments are hampered both by foreign antagonism and by political influence on the part of liquor-sellers in their own central governments. England's policy towards opium in China and alcohol among inferior races has not set a good example in the past. French and Germans and Belgians have all been at fault in the beginning of their colonies, by allowing too great liberty of trade, and by holding to the public revenue which flows from it. So this combined anti-alcohol movement of the African colonies of these nations is all the more encouraging.

In the past year, among French colonies, Dahomey has been subjected to absolute prohibition of alcohol-selling; and three-fourths of the Ivory Coast are under like restrictions. There is a special prohibition of absinthe in Upper Senegal and Niger, as well as in Dahomey and in the Ivory Coast.

The new decree which Gen. Lyautey, as French Resident, has obtained from the Sultan of Morocco continues the same work. The Grand Vizier had already forbidden Mussulmans, in accordance with their religion, to keep or frequent liquor shops of any kind. The native Municipal Council of Fez had asked and obtained the prohibition of all liquor-selling in that capital, outside the closed Jewish quarter of the Mellah—"since alcohol is the principal cause of the physical and moral degeneracy of men, and brings with it scandal, strife, and murder." This was not enough to cope with the evil, for European traders were sending into every port of the country quantities of alcoholic drinks, particularly of absinthe, already bottled, which were carried by caravans into the most remote parts. Just as was the case with the American Indian, the first contact with alcohol has become a danger to the Moorish race.

Gen. Lyautey has once more shown himself the man of the situation. The importation, manufacture, circulation, and sale of absinthe are prohibited throughout the French protectorate. Other measures are being taken elsewhere. In the French colonies of Western Africa—Senegal, Upper Senegal and Niger, Mauretania, French Guinea, Ivory Coast, and Dahomey—and in French Equatorial Africa, the duty on alcohol is to be increased to $60 a hectolitre, that is, on every 26 American gallons.

The Governor-General of Equatorial Africa, M. Merlin, assured the Conference that any seeming loss of time in concerting such measures is not due to disagreement among the authorities. The general principle has been adopted for all the colonies. Its application is to be followed out according to varying circumstances, but steadily, as a condition essential to the well-being of the colonies.

The French Colonial Administration employs three kinds of means: customs and excise duties, limitation and regulation of the sale and circulation of alcohol products, and zones of prohibition where possible. Universal prohibition under present organization, and with the present number of officials available, is impracticable; and the authorities are unable to prevent entirely smuggling and clandestine distilling, or "moonshining."

In neighboring colonies of different European Powers there already exists an agreement among the English Gold Coast, German Togo Land, and French Dahomey. Dr. Zacher, director of the Imperial Statistical Service of Germany, called the attention of the Conference to this point. These partial understandings among Powers having neighboring colonies have great advantages, when added to the more general international conventions, and good results may be expected from them. It was the evident feeling of the conference that the entire future of European colonization depends on this struggle against alcohol.

Russia is not a European colony, but it is Europe still struggling towards civilization. There alcohol has been made a state monopoly—an instrument for good or evil, according to its management. The Imperial rescript to the new Finance Minister seems to show that the state has been too anxious to get revenue from its monopoly of alcohol. The Minister is pressed to find other sources of income for Government. He answers that temperance will be of slow growth, no matter what the state may do; and that, when temperance has diminished the present revenue from alcohol—why, then the state will have to catch up its revenue from a monopoly of tobacco and matches.

Meanwhile, he has instructed the excise officials in accordance with the Czar's wishes, which amount to a moral prohibition of vodka. They are first to do their best against clandestine sales of liquor. Next, communities are to be encouraged to ask for the closing of a part or all the state liquor shops of their territory. Thirdly, a law is to give official quality and countenance to the temperance societies which have done so much good work in the past twenty years. It is acknowledged that no thor-

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ough reform can be made until legislation secures three things: a reduction in the number of liquor shops; a reduction in the selling hours; and an increase in the price of the liquors sold.

The Duma is in earnest in its support of what the Emperor has declared to be his dearest wishes. The fear is that the Imperial Council, which can block or soften the force of the laws, may look at the question from the point of view of revenue for the state rather than of protection for the citizens who make the state.

S. D.

COMPROMISE ON HOME RULE—THE UNIONIST LEADERSHIP—THE BUDGET.

LONDON, May 8.

The most probable forecast of developments in the political situation is that the Home Rule bill, unaltered, will shortly pass through all its stages in the House of Commons; that it will be rejected by the Lords; that it will then become law by means of the Parliament act, and that thereupon an amending act will be carried which will grant the Ulster dissentients, as a reward for their display of force, what they would never have gained through constitutional agitation. Thus each party will have "saved its face." The Liberals will have prevented the Parliament act from becoming a dead-letter. The Conservatives will have saved "loyal Ulster" from coming under the control of a Parliament at Dublin.

A compromise of this kind, presumably, will deserve to be hailed as an achievement of consummate statesmanship. But there are likely to be a few awkward moments during the process. Ardent Liberals will want to know whether a victory that is gained through surrender is worth calling a victory at all. And zealous Tories will complain because their leaders have asked so little from a Government that is obviously willing to make concessions under pressure. There is at least a possibility that at some stage of the process the scheme of a peaceful settlement may be wrecked by a revolt of one of these sections. The Radicals and Nationalists may decide that neither the Home Rule bill nor the Government is worth saving at such a price. Or the extremists on the Unionist side may so increase their demands that a sense of ordinary self-respect will compel the Ministry to break off negotiations.

There have been significant reminders lately that Bonar Law is not the leader of the Unionist party. Mr. Balfour's retirement in November, 1911, was from the leadership of the party as a whole, as well as from its leadership in the House of Commons in particular. Mr. Law's election was to the latter post only. It was understood that the Marquis of Lansdowne, the leader of the party in the Lords, would presumably be called to the Premiership by the King in the event of a Unionist success at a general election. But the representative House, especially since the passing of the Parliament act, is so much more important a factor in the government of the country than the Lords that Mr. Law has come to be thought of by many as at the head of the Unionists as a body.

A corrective to this mistaken idea was supplied by Lord Curzon, when he recently expressed the hope that Lord Lansdowne would live to fill the highest office in the gift of the Crown. He certainly did not mean that Lord Lansdowne, now in his seventieth year, would succeed to the Premiership when Mr. Law, who is to-day only fifty-six, had completed his political career. The day after Lord Curzon's speech, the *Times*, in an editorial article, spoke definitely of Lord Lansdowne as "the leader of the Unionist party." These references become more significant still in view of a statement of Mr. Law's in the House of Commons debate on the vote of censure. "If for any reason," he said, "the right honorable gentleman [Mr. Asquith] prefers to have negotiations either with Lord Lansdowne or with my right honorable friend [Sir E. Carson], whom he met before, no feeling of wounded *amour propre* will stand in the way, but I shall gladly welcome such a step."

If Sir Edward Carson takes Mr. Law's place in "conversations" on the Irish question, and these "conversations" result in a settlement between the parties, the logic of events will compel Sir Edward to undertake in permanence the leadership to which he has thus been promoted for the occasion.

The budget comes conveniently for both parties to divert attention to other matters, while the leaders are occupied with their subterranean work on the Irish problem. On the political side, as distinguished from that phase of them that interests the Stock Exchange, the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer mark a new departure as facilitating the social activities of the local authorities. A good deal of recent social legislation has been comparatively ineffective in practice, because the county and borough councils have been hampered by the lack of funds to carry it out. As the *Westminster Gazette* puts it: "If we took all that the Legislature said ought to be done by local authorities, there could scarcely be a better code on paper, but a large part of it was like a motor without petrol in it. The present budget puts the petrol in, and should enable us to set in motion, with the aid of the local authorities, a great deal of machinery which has hitherto stood idle, and to speed up other machinery that has hitherto worked slowly."

Mr. Lloyd George now offers the local authorities from the Imperial Exchequer additional grants for specific purposes—public health, education, etc.—conditional on their activity and efficiency in carrying out the Parliamentary schemes of social progress. As this money will have to be raised mainly by increased taxation of the rich, there will be an inevitable outcry against "spoliation." But the more prosperous classes will be compelled, sooner or later, to accept increased taxation as inevitable—at any rate, as long as the present enormous expenditure on armaments continues; and in any case it will not be easy to arouse a popular revolution against the intolerable outrage of reducing the super-tax limit from incomes of $25,000 a year to those of $15,000.

H. W. H.

A Naughty Decade

PART TWO.

IV.

If Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in his study of the "Eighteen Nineties," has passed by the frail and almost incorporeal Muse of Ernest Dowson, he has given abundant illustrations from the artists and writers whose souls were infected with the malady of the flesh. It is not easy for a man to admit that he is simply futile or vile, and when the decadent is not flaunting his corruption wantonly in the face of the world as a sign of superior vigor, you are likely to find him posing as a martyr of the spirit. This, indeed, is the very sign manual of decadence as distinguished from mere sensuality. So we have the aphorism of John Davidson: "Decadence in any art is always the manure and root of a higher manifestation of that art." So we have the illusion taken up in Mr. Jackson's apology: "All the cynicisms and petulances and flippancies of the decadence, the febrile self-assertion, the voluptuousness, the perversity, were, consciously or unconsciously, efforts towards the rehabilitation of spiritual power." And it has been expanded with Celtic fluency by Mr. Yeats:

> I see, indeed, in the arts of every country those faint lights and faint colors and faint outlines and faint energies which many call "the decadence," and which I, because I believe that the arts lie dreaming of things to come, prefer to call the autumn of the body. An Irish poet, whose rhythms are like the cry of a sea-bird in autumn twilight, has told its meaning in the line, "the very sunlight's weary, and it's time to quit the plough." Its importance is great because it comes to us at the moment when we are beginning to be interested in many things which positive science, the interpreter of exterior law, has always denied: communion of mind with mind in thought and without words, foreknowledge in dreams and in visions, and the coming among us of the dead, and of much else. We are, it may be, at a crowning crisis of the world, at the moment when man is about to ascend, with the wealth he has been so long gathering upon his shoulders, the stairway he has been descending from the first days.

That is very pretty and sweet, and no doubt our wings are growing, but it is hard to associate these beautiful hopes of progress with such a movement as that which was represented in the Nineties by the particular band of rebels of whom Mr. Yeats was the leading mind, as he is the most distinguished survivor. The little "Book of the Rhymers' Club," published in 1892, lies before me now, and as I turn its pages I discover nothing very wicked or startling, but of notable promise equally nothing. Are we to expect new life

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from young men to whom "the very sunlight's weary"?

Nor did this confusion of weariness and the spirit end here. It may be unkind to say it, but one cannot study the lives of these men without feeling that the conversion of so many of them, including Aubrey Beardsley, to Catholicism was only another manifestation of the same profound illusion of the decadent which speaks in his theories of art. There is an unpleasant savor of truth, though not at all as Mr. Jackson meant it, in his saying of Francis Thompson, that "he took to poverty as he took to opium, as a sedative for the malady of spirit." Religion was not altogether for Thompson an opiate for *malady of spirit*, but with some of his contemporaries the two were as closely associated as their art was dependent on opium and alcohol. Too often conversion meant the same thing as perversion.

V.

This is rather the personal aspect of the decadent paradox, but it wore a social aspect which is more dangerous, as it is more deceptive. This was the dream of creating a gentle communism out of lawless individualism. "It will seem, then," observes Mr. Jackson, "that the two paths of the modern art movement resolved themselves into two very definite and very different aims: the communal and the individual, the public and the private." There is nothing unusual in this, but we enter into the region of paradox when we find that many of the votaries of the modern art saw no incompatibility at all in these different aims. "All really great works of art are public works—monumental, collective, generic—expressing the ideas of a race, a community, a united people; not the ideas of a class," says Mr. Walter Crane, speaking for himself and William Morris and other temperamental socialists. Now, again, in a sense, that is true: art does spring naturally from a convention and a certain higher community of feeling; but it is at least questionable, in the face of the records, to define this convention as contrary to the ideas of class, for hitherto all "great art," as contrasted with popular art, whether in Greece or Italy or France or China or Japan, has been aristocratic in its purpose and support. And, certainly, to suppose, as so many of the artists of the *fin de siècle* did suppose, that there was any bond of sound communism in their search for the last refinements of personality and in their theory of untrammelled expansiveness—certainly, there is in this something almost grotesquely absurd. Here, too, Oscar Wilde is a type and exponent of his fellows. He was not jesting, but rather stating their sober practice, when he boasted that "there is nothing sane about the worship of Beauty," and that "the beautiful sterile emotions that art excites in us, are hateful to its (Society's) eyes": nor was it altogether a piece of idle persiflage when he took as his hero of the artistic temperament that master of "pen, pencil, and poison," Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, who, being reproached for the murder of Helen Abercrombie, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles." Were not the story too repulsive for print, I could parallel that seemingly childish effrontery with what I heard told only yesterday here in New York in perfect seriousness. But what shall we think of the sincerity of the author of "Salome" when he begins to indulge in humanitarian dreams, of this citizen of a Utopia for dandies when he undertakes to write solemnly of "The Soul of Man Under Socialism"? As a matter of fact, he was as sincere in this as in any other of his attitudes, and his inability to see anything incongruous in a humanitarian communism of totally undisciplined individualists was only one phase of the extraordinary illusion which held most of his comrades. With his usual, and characteristic, combination of insight and blindness Mr. Jackson gives a vivid hint of what this excess of expansive emotionalism actually means when the people themselves, "drunk with sight of power," "loose wild tongues":

> There was no turning back. The people, bitten by an unseeing pride, expressing itself in a strangely inorganic patriotism, forgot art and letters and social regeneration, and marched headlong into Mafeking Night.

Mr. Jackson sees the connection of this phrensy of inorganic imperialism with the movement of which he is the historian, yet can add, almost on the same page, that "the most strenuous and the most exalted individual emphasis was not necessarily antagonistic to a balanced communal feeling." No, when all is said, it is not true that we must have chaos within us to give birth to a dancing star. The trained physician does not prescribe the dissipation of our bodily energies as a means to obtain health; the wise conductor of souls does not point to deliberate indulgence in vice as the way to the knowledge of virtue; the experienced statesman does not teach license as the road to lawful liberty; and probably Milton was near the truth when he announced that the poet who contemplated the production of a great enduring work should first learn to live greatly in the austere discipline of character.

VI.

The particular movement of Mr. Jackson's eulogy has come to its end, and most of the Rhymers who formed the little revolutionary club have fallen into one or the other silence. They were never a great force in English society, and I trust that the title of this essay will show how seriously I take the naughty decade in itself. But the twin illusion which formed the real creed of the decadents has by no means disappeared with them, as it by no means began with them. It had its source in one of the great guiding movements of the nineteenth century, was caught up in self-justification and noisily bruited about by a band of men who were really and physically diseased, and now it is becoming the common property of innumerable good citizens of England and America who would shudder at its practical application.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the abundant fountain of the stream is in the Germany of the later decades of the eighteenth century. One of its earliest manifestations was Heinse's tale of "Ardinghello," in which "the evangel of art went hand in hand with naked, unveiled sensuality," and which announced with sufficient frankness that "the decency of our common prosaic life is not permitted in art." Add to this such maxims of Wackenroder's as that "art is a seductive, forbidden fruit, and he who has once tasted its inmost sweetest sap is forever lost for the practical living world," and that "the fairest stream of life springs from the coming together of the streams of art and religion"; illustrate them with the identification in Novalis of beauty and sickliness, and crown them with Schleiermacher's glorification in the pulpit of the man who, "in the caprice of liberty, makes his personal view of the universe the centre of all religion"—combine these variously with a thousand other similar sentiments, develop them into a vast literature of prose and verse, and you will know whence the Continental artists of the nineteenth century learnt their creed of uncontrolled personal expansion, with the illusions that follow in its wake. Nor has the source dried up. One of our distinguished German professors has just lent his name to the propagandist publication in English of the morbid obscenities of Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde," and another well-known teacher of German has made himself the public defender of a group of unwholesome moderns who still believe that "decency is not permitted to art."

But the main literary source of this perversion to-day is undoubtedly in the group of powerful Russian writers, with their congeners in Scandinavia and the other northern countries, whose works for some time past have been flooding the world in French and English translations. How deeply this literature is tainted could be shown by innumerable examples; one must suffice. If there is any book thoroughly typical of the Russian and Scandinavian ideal it is "Crime and Punishment," and if there

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is a single passage in which the moral of that book is typified it is the scene selected by its latest editor in English, Mr. Laurence Irving, as the epitome of "the animating spirit of Dostoievsky":

His eyes gleamed, his lips trembled, and, resting his two hands on her shoulders, he cast an angry look on this face bathed in tears. In a moment, he bent downwards, kissing the girl's feet. She started back frightened, as she would have done from a madman. For Rashkolnikoff's face at this moment was that of one.

"What are you doing? And to me?" stammered Sonia, growing pale with sorrow-smitten heart.

Upon this he rose. "I did not bow down to you, personally, but to suffering humanity in your person."

Not long since, at a dinner with a philosopher and two professors of French and English literature, respectively, I observed casually that my summer had been darkened by dwelling in the nightmare of "Crime and Punishment" and other books of its class. At this my friends, better read in this literature than I, no doubt, admitted the nightmare, but clamorously rebuked me for not feeling uplifted by its spiritual implications. There it is. Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street. Filth, disease, morbid dreams, bestiality, insanity, sodden crime, these are the natural pathway to the emancipation of the spirit; these in some mysterious way are spirituality. And the same lesson runs through Tolstoy and Strindberg and a dozen other moralists who are, as it were, the Prophets of our young. In subdued form, befitting what remains of the reticence of the English temperament, it lurks among the present-day inheritors in London of the Yellow Nineties. It will be found hidden in some of the writings of Mr. Galsworthy, who is perhaps at this moment the most notable of the group—scarcely concealed at all in his latest novel, "The Dark Flower," with its sickly analysis of illicit emotion, its satirical desiccation of the intellectual life, its presentation of virtue as a kind of impotence, its constant insinuation that the only escape of the spirit from stolid defeat is through "the passionate obsessions that cannot decently be satisfied." One is reminded of the old scornful saying of Swift: "The corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit."

What else is the meaning of the recent outburst of filth on the stage under the pretext of "social uplift"? Would any sane man, in the name of virtue, defend the representation before young men and maidens of the inner nastiness of the stews (made nastier by the dramatist's imagination), or the exhibition of the revolting details of physical corruption, if his understanding had not been obscured by the insidious theory that associates art and spirituality with license and disease? Alas, it is still true that the human heart is deceitful above all things. Some time ago a friend of mine was present at the Boston opera when a certain morbid piece was sung. He was amused, and, being somewhat old-fashioned, was a little shocked, at seeing the dowagers of the town, in their conspicuous circle, clapping their hands at the exhibition of a theme of perverted sexuality. The next day he was less amused, and more shocked, to read the names of the same dowagers among those who had met together to hear the horrors of "white slavery" discussed and to concert means for its repression.

Even more pervasive is the illusion that through the very license of personality men are to be brought into the bond of social communism, and the kinship of this illusion with the other and their source are clearly implied in the typical scene from Dostoievsky already quoted. Or, if a stronger illustration of this theme in Russian is desired, it may be found in a tale of Leonid Andreyeff's which was the occasion of comment some ten or twelve years ago. In decency—shall I say, unfortunately?—I can do no more than hint at the narration. We are to suppose, then, that a proper young man is walking through a lonely country with his betrothed. They are attacked by a party of tramps, and the girl is killed. After the departure of the tramps the young man, by yielding to a like bestial instinct, comes to realize that he is essentially of the same stuff as the outcasts of society, and that in the lowest depths of the heart is the common meeting-place of humanity. It used to be held that the peculiar bond and unity of mankind was to be sought in the higher plane of reason, with its law of self-restraint, whereas by the passions we were united with the unreasoning beasts; it has remained for certain doctors of modern literature to teach us otherwise.

There may seem to be a great gulf between such a writer as Andreyeff and the socialistic wits now entertaining London. There is, indeed, a gulf—and yet! Strip off the rags of decorum which Bernard Shaw, despite his protests, still wears as an Englishman; look at the real meaning of the thing, and you will find that the moral of "Fanny's First Play," for example, which our kindly good folk enjoy so innocently, is not very different from that of the more barbarously logical Russians. What else does Bernard Shaw's laughter mean, when he represents a girl of modest upbringing as awakened to the hypocrisy of convention and the solidarity of mankind by getting arrested at night in the streets of London for disorderly conduct? It is the comedian's way of saying that spirituality is the product of vice, and that the uniting bond of society is the revolt against restraint. Mr. Shaw is a delightful humorist. Some one should suggest to him, as a subject amazingly suited to his genius, the state of life in a communistic society made up of such effrontories of egotism as himself. Perhaps I am myself eccentric in this, but, after all, I can read with less insult to my reason the rather childishly flaunted paradoxes of the naughty decade, and am inclined to think their perversion less insidiously dangerous, than the smug prurience of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw and the other bourgeois wits who are to-day taken with a certain seriousness as critics of our social conventions.

These men, and this is the whole charge against decadence whether old or new, forget that art, so long as it is human, must concern itself with the portrayal of character—triumphant or defeated, still character,—just as surely as morality is concerned with the creation of character. The truth of it is summed up in a sentence of a great divine who was preaching when Milton was writing his poems: "For we all say, that which doth not proceed from the judgment of the mind, and the choice of the will, is not an *human act*, though the act of a man." P. E. M.

Books and Men

AN UNWRITTEN BOOK.

An entertaining book is notably missing from the spring publications. It is always missing, though never a publisher seems to be aware of the fact, and no writer tries to supply the need. This book, so desirable and yet so shy about making its appearance, is a volume of essays on various outdoor amusements, treated strictly from the point of view of the amateur.

You will object, immediately, that there are many such books, and many such essays. Your objection is noted—and disallowed. There is none to be had anywhere. The difficulty comes over the definition of the word "amateur." The original meaning of "lover" has, practically, been lost for ages, and its secondary meaning of "non-professional" has been allowed to usurp too much importance. Except in wrangles between colleges the distinction between the amateur and the professional is of little interest to any one. The really important significance of the word lies in its connotation of lack of skill in this or that game or sport. And it is seldom so used—sincerely.

Therein lies the trouble. There is no end of books on angling, on golf, on tennis, all purporting to be by "An Amateur." It is the sheerest affectation. You

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cannot read one of them for half an hour without discovering that this self-styled amateur, this gentleman of violet-like modesty (on his title-page) is a wizard at his special game. Only the fact that he does not take money for it distinguishes him from the out-and-out professional. And what do you care about that when you are reading his book? Indeed, there would be less exasperation in a book by a professional. You do not object if *he* outdistances you hopelessly. But this person who shrinkingly calls himself an amateur, and then proves, inside twenty-five pages, to have performed the most astonishing feats—he plunges you into a fit of depression from which you may well be hours in emerging.

No; our book of athletic essays must be by undoubted amateurs. More than that, they must belong to the duffer class. Here again is a relative term—let it be understood, if the subject is golf, that they shall be duffers not only in the presence of the lords of the game, but duffers anywhere, duffers amongst the humblest. In tennis, it is better that they should never get beyond the second, or perhaps the third, round of a tournament. The yachtsman whose point of view is most to be desired is the one who tends the sheet, perhaps—never the one who comes to the wheel in a pinch. And so on through the sports.

From these men, it is my contention, we should get new and refreshing work. They know the full joy of the game—and the full sorrow—and no more. Nothing of the mathematics of sport has corroded their souls—they do not bicker, overmuch, whether they took six or seven strokes at the fifth hole, but are content to cover the tragedy with a decent silence.

Not that they are without a respectable desire to win, if the sport is one involving contest. We want nothing mawkish in the book. Of course, they hope to beat their opponents. But this desire must be nicely measured; winning is an important ingredient in their pleasure, but not the whole of it. The contest is something, the surroundings are much. The man to whom it is of no importance whether the tennis court is in the midst of green meadows or between brick walls in a city, and the man who leaps upon the court with an iron face and wields his racquet like an axe, will not be asked to contribute.

Tennis, golf, angling, and yachting—these have already been named as subjects for the essays. To them should be added riding, motoring, with possibly an historical note on bicycling, mountain-climbing, plain walking, camping—with an excursus on camp cookery, canoeing, and swimming, the most delicious of all.

One section might be devoted to croquet, provided that special stress was laid on the peculiarly disagreeable dispositions of all persons who are expert in that game.

This should be a soothing book, a book for summer days, one to be carried, by the way, in a canoe, and read on quiet streams. It should suggest the click of golf-balls, the smell of spring and autumn fires, and lengthening shadows upon the court. There should be a little of the heat of contest in it, but almost none of the wrath. The swimming should not be a five-mile race at top speed, but rather it should deal with floating lazily upon one's back, hung between earth and sky, watching the clouds, surely the position in which man shakes off more of the bodily limitations—but the swimming is to be described by some one else.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

"THE QUERIST."

Bishop Berkeley's "The Querist, containing Several Queries, proposed to the Consideration of the Public," appeared originally in 1735 as an anonymous tract. By a typographical slip the title page was dated "MDCCXXV," and Joseph Massie, careful bibliographer that he was, actually included the work in the issues of that year in his "Catalogue of Commercial Tracts." A continuation, designated as "Part II," was issued in 1736, and a further installment, "Part III," in 1737. All three parts were published in Dublin, being "printed by R. Reilly, on Cork-Hill,"—Parts I and II for "G. Risk, G. Ewing, and W. Smith, Booksellers in Dames-Street"; Part III for "Jos. Leathley, Bookseller, in Dames-Street." The brochures seem to have been issued in small editions and soon became scarce. In 1746 Dean Gervais could not procure a copy for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the want could only be supplied by Berkeley's direct intervention. In 1750 Berkeley edited a second edition with "some few queries added, and many omitted," and this redaction was reprinted by Foulis in 1751. In this form it was again included by Berkeley in the "Miscellany" of his own writings in 1752, and these editions served as the basis of subsequent reprints.

As to the original edition of 1735-37, even Professor Fraser—Berkeley's scholarly biographer and editor—was unable to come upon a copy until the virtual completion of his labor, when the discovery of a copy in the library of the Royal Irish Academy permitted a *variorum* reference thereto in the Appendix to his edition (1871) of Berkeley's works; this was made more ample in the revised edition published in 1901. An exact reprint of the "Querist," as originally published, was included in Mr. George Sampson's excellent three-volume edition of Berkeley's writings, published in 1897-98. More recently the work has been made available in "The Reprint of Economic Tracts," issued by the Johns Hopkins Press.

It has always been a matter of surprise to students of English economic thought that, despite its early rarity, the "Querist" should have been well known and should have exerted considerable influence, apparently in its original form. This perplexity is somewhat reduced by the fact, heretofore unnoticed, that Parts I and II of the "Querist" were reprinted in London in 1736 by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane—well known as a publisher of economic and commercial pamphlets. It is possible that Part III was likewise reprinted after its issue in Dublin in 1737; but I have no evidence as to this. The title page of Part I sets forth that the work is "Now first Re-printed from the Irish Edition, lately publish'd in Dublin. With an ADVERTISEMENT to the READER, on Occasion of Re-publishing it." The title page of Part II adds to the publishers' imprint, "Where may be had Part I." The vignettes are omitted from both title pages, and a few significant changes are made in the text. In Query 144 (Part I) the word "good" is inserted before "Land"; in Query 304 (Part I) the phrase "when bound out in Apprentisship to Protestant Masters" is omitted; in Query 117 (Part II) the word "Overseers" after "Stock-jobbers" is omitted. The errata noted in the Dublin text are corrected and minor typographical variations occur.

The "Advertisement on Occasion of Republishing the Querist" prefixed to Part I is unsigned, and I have come upon no clue as to possible authorship. It is of sufficient interest to justify citation in full:

It hath been a common Practice to reprint from Ireland, those several little Pieces of Wit and Entertainment, which of late Years are so frequently publish'd there. It must be confess'd, That many of those Pieces abound with Spirit and Humour; but, at the same Time, they often contain the most poignant Satire; which tho' it gives Delight to many Readers, yet, as it exasperates the Minds of Persons affected thereby, does not always manifest either the Policy or good Nature of the Authors; as this way of treating the Subject is more likely to frustrate than promote the good Ends for which perhaps the Piece was principally written. It would be therefore surely more to the Purpose of those who mean a practicable Good to both Nations, to endeavour to reconcile rather than provoke, and by removing Jealousies on both Sides, try to conciliate the Interests of the British and Irish Nations: Which must needs have a better Effect, than to offer Schemes, which only tend to promote the Interests of the One at the Expence of the Other: The Consequence of which is, That the wished-for Benefit becomes impracticable to Both.

But the little Piece we now present to the Public from that Kingdom, carries with it a quite contrary View; It contains a Multitude of useful Hints, delivered in the concisest and most intelligible manner, by way of Query, which may be improved to the Prosperity and Happiness of the one Kingdom, without affecting its Dependance upon, or in any manner hurting the Interests of, the other; and that by such Means and Methods as are intirely in its own Power, and want nothing but Industry and Application to effectuate: For 'tis one of our Author's Queries, and the Sentiment by which he seems to be govern'd through-

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out the Whole, "Whether the hankering after the Woollen Trade by the People of Ireland, be not the true and only Reason, which hath created a Jealousy in England towards Ireland? And whether any Thing can hurt the Irish more, than such a Jealousy?"

This has induced the Republishers of this Piece (who are less sollicitous to amuse than to edify, and who have the Happiness of both Nations in view, in Cases where they cannot interfere with one another's Interests, but, like Children of the same Father, may be made to promote the general Good of the united Family), to present the same to the Public, as intirely worthy of its Consideration, and as affording useful Hints, as well to the Governors as Governed of both Nations, and pointing out Methods to be pursued by the Irish,* that instead of creating Jealousies in the English, will mutually endear each to the other, and knit both together by the firmest Ties of Interest, which alone can create and cultivate that good Understanding so necessary to the Welfare of both.

JACOB H. HOLLANDER.

Johns Hopkins University.

*See particularly *Qu.* 69, 70, 71, 72, 75, 76, 79, 81, 83, 87, 88, 89, 121, 140, 144, 179, 195, &c.

A NEW POEM OF SAPPHO.

Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Mr. A. S. Hunt, directors of the Egypt Exploration Fund, have, it is said, discovered a new poem by Sappho at Oxyrhynchus, in Egypt. An account of the find, together with the text of the poem and a translation by Mr. J. M. Edmonds, is given in the London *Times* and the *Classical Review*. As the brackets in the text, which we reprint, will indicate, the papyrus has been damaged and is defective. In some places the context has made restoration easy; in others the words and letters supplied are entirely conjectural.

Ο]ἱ μὲν ἰππήων στρότον, οἱ δὲ πέσδων
οἱ δὲ νάων φαῖσ' ἐπὶ γᾶν μέλαιναν
ἔ]μμεναι κάλλιστον· ἔγω δὲ κῆν' ὅτ-
τω τις ἔραται.

πά]γχυ δ' εὔμαρες σύνετον πόησαι
πά]ντι τ[οῦ]τ'· ἀ γὰρ πόλυ περσκό-
πεισα
κα]λλος ἀιθρώπων Ἐλένα τὸν ἄνδρα
κρίννεν ἄρ]ιστον

ὃς τὸ πὰν] σέβας Τροΐα[ς ὄ]λεσσ[ε,
κωὐδὲ πα]ῖδος οὐδὲ [φίλ]ων το[κ]ήων
μᾶλλον] ἐμνάσθη, ἀ[λλὰ] παρᾶγαγ'
αὔταν
πῆλε φίλει]σαν

Ὤρος· εὔκ]αμπτον γὰρ [ἀεὶ τὸ θῆλυ
αἴ κέ] τις κούφως τ[ὸ πάρον ν]οήσῃ·
οὐ]δὲ νῦν, Ἀνακτορί[α, τ]ὺ μέμνα
ὀ]ὴ παρεοίσας,

τᾶ]ς κε βολλοίμαν ἔρατόν τε βᾶμα
κ]αμαρύγμα λάμπρον ἴδην προσώπω
ἢ τὰ Λύδων ἄρματα κὰν ὅπλοισι
πεσδομ]άχεντας·

εὖ μὲν ἴδ]μεν οὐ δύνατον γένεσθαι
λῶστ' ἐ]ν ἀνθρώποις· πεδέχην ὔ
ἄρασθαι
[τῶν πέδειχόν ἐστι βρότοισι λῶον]
[ἢ λελάθεσθαι.]

Mr. Edmonds's translation follows:

The fairest thing in all the world some say is a host of horsemen, and some a host of foot, and some again a navy of ships, but to me 'tis the heart's beloved. And 'tis easy to make this understood by any. When Helen surveyed much mortal beauty she chose for best the destroyer of all the honour of Troy, and thought not so much either of child or parent dear, but was led astray by Love to bestow her heart afar; for woman is ever easy to be bent when she thinks lightly of what is near and dear. Even so you to-day, my Anactoria, remember not, it seems, when she is with you, one of whom I would rather the sweet sound of her footfall and the sight of the brightness of her beaming face than all the chariots and armoured footmen of Lydia. I know that in this world man cannot have the best; yet to pray for a share in what was once shared is better than to forget it. . . .

"The manuscript in which the poem appears has the tantalizing subscription, 'The First Book of the Lyrics of Sappho, 1,332 Lines,' on the last of the fifty-six fragments from which barely a dozen stanzas, besides those quoted above, can be restored."

Other discoveries made by the same expedition include fragments of Alcæus and the remains of an extra-canonical gospel.

Correspondence

THE TOLLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 7, in a note commenting upon the letter of "New Englander," you state that the Panama Canal Act does not forbid vessels owned by railways to use the canal if the ships compete in rates with the roads. You add that all the railways have filed statements with the Commission testifying that their ships do compete, and you conclude that the ships may consequently pass through the canal like any others.

I am at a loss to reconcile this statement with the wording of the act, and would greatly appreciate a further explanation. The act reads as follows:

"From and after the first day of July, nineteen hundred fourteen, it shall be unlawful for any railway company . . . to own, lease, operate, control, or have any interest whatsoever . . . in any common carrier by water operated through the Panama Canal or elsewhere with which said railroad or other carrier aforesaid does or may compete for traffic, or any vessel carrying freight or passengers upon said water route or elsewhere with which said railroad or other carrier aforesaid does or may compete for traffic."

The Commission is given power to extend the time of ownership of water routes by railways where such ownership proves to be of advantage to the public, but such specified service by water must be "other than through the Panama Canal."

FRANK HAIGH DIXON.

Hanover, N. H., May 11.

[The language of the Panama Act is not as clear as could be desired. We incline, however, to accept the opinion of Representative Stevens to the effect that, under the Act, "no railroad-owned ship can pass through the Canal, tolls or no tolls, unless the ownership is a legitimate and proper one within the meaning of the law."—ED. THE NATION.]

WILLIAM THORNTON AND JOHN FITCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to add a few facts to the letter of Herbert Joseph Fitch in the *Nation* for December 25, 1913, and that of Martha Rumsey Simonds in your issue of April 30 last, and to bring into the circle of pioneers in steamboat invention a more remarkable man than either John Fitch or James Rumsey.

William Thornton was the first Superintendent of Patents, holding the office from 1802 until his death in 1828. He was educated to be a physician at the University of Edinburgh. He invented a system of lip-reading for deaf mutes, and of simplified spelling. He was a leader in the movement for emancipation of American negroes and their civilization in Africa twenty-five years before the American Colonization Society was formed. He designed the Capitol, and several other examples of his unique talent as an architect survive, notably the Octagon House, which is now one of the show places in Washington. The object of this communication, however, is not to speak of his versatility nor of the boldness of his intellect, but of his connection with John Fitch's steamboat and the part he had in making it go. I am able to do so because his papers are in the Library of Congress, having been given to that institution by the late J. Henley Smith, who inherited them from his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, to whom Thornton's widow had given them. Thornton himself had been the custodian of Fitch's papers, and deposited them with the Government before his death, and they, too, are in the National Library, with the exception of Fitch's autobiography, which Fitch gave to the Philadelphia Library.

Thornton was born in the Island of Tortola, one of the Virgin Isles in the Caribbean Sea, but he early determined to live in America; and when he was a young man, in 1787, went to Philadelphia in search of a wife. There he met John Fitch, who had already built a steamboat and was soliciting financial aid for his invention. Thornton was then a man of property, and his bent was towards great enterprises. He had himself invented a steam cannon, of which a reasonably successful demonstration had been given, and he was not ignorant of steam power. He regarded Fitch's experiments with enthusiasm, and gave him money, advice, and mechanical assistance. Fitch was the very opposite of Thornton. He had little education and no power of sustained industry. He never worked continuously at his trade of watchmaker and silversmith. He was always in debt, and did not support his wife and family, nor even himself, all the time. He liked to carouse at taverns, and he became a drunkard. He was an atheist who scoffed at death, and was not ashamed of his ill-spent life. He was a man marked for

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failure, and he never really deserved success.

Thornton came into Fitch's steamboat company in the summer of 1788, and when a list of subscribers was drawn up in January, 1789, he and Richard Stockton were put down as the two largest stockholders. From this time on he not only paid a considerable amount of money into the company, but frequently assisted Fitch personally with loans, varying in amount from a few shillings to ten pounds. The notes of hand which the inventor gave him are among Thornton's papers, and now have some value as autographs. When he received them they had no value. Fitch had never seen a steam engine, and the first boat which he built failed at the most vital point. It crept through the water at the rate of three miles an hour, and the engine worked very irregularly, sometimes going so furiously that the boiler was in danger of bursting, and sometimes hardly going at all. Thornton proposed that each shareholder in the Fitch Company should agree to relinquish one-half of his shares to any one who should construct an engine that would send the boat through the water at the rate of eight miles an hour. This being agreed to, he himself made the engine, which showed many improvements over Fitch's, the most notable being a boiler that was entirely surrounded by fire.

Early in the summer of 1790 a group of people gathered on Front or Water Street, in Philadelphia, to see the new steamboat tried, and a committee held watches in their hands to test its speed. A mile was flagged off on the river, and the boat swept over it at the rate of eight miles an hour. The boat sustained the speed, and in one day went eighty miles. This was the first successful steamboat, the invention of John Fitch made successful by William Thornton.

The Fitch Company determined to build a new and better boat; and when it was under way Thornton answered the call of his old mother on the plantation in Tortola, and went thither with his bride, Anna Maria Brodeau, the daughter of a widow who had been a successful school teacher in Philadelphia. All the time that he was in the West Indies he never ceased thinking of the boat that was building on the banks of the Delaware. He asked his mother-in-law to see Fitch and find out what was being done. She answered that Fitch reported unfavorably and wanted more money. "I find," she said, "that you are the vivifying spark that gives life and animation to the steamboat." Thornton sent money and encouragement to Fitch. The work went on, and in the autumn of 1791 the new boat was tested. The new engine spluttered and smoked, but it had not power to turn the paddles. The very thing which Thornton had cautioned against had been done; the engine had been simplified and the boat lay motionless in the stream. Mrs. Brodeau informed Thornton of the failure October 9, 1791, one year after he had left Philadelphia. He felt certain that the boat would have been a success if he had been in Philadelphia to superintend the building.

There was apathy in America towards the enterprise, so Fitch went to France. On February 12, 1793, ten days before he sailed, he executed a power of attorney in Thornton's favor giving him authority to sue all persons who might infringe on his inventions, and he wrote to Thornton: "I have never seen a man that I can place the same confidence in as I can in yourself," and added, "although you, sir, are a passionate man and frequently give your opinion before you consider the subject you are to determine." He gave Thornton a partial list of his debts and a few days later borrowed some more money from him. On February 21, on the eve of embarking, he wrote to him again about his disordered affairs. He said that if he never returned Thornton must be his executor. He corresponded with Thornton while he was abroad, always about the steamboat. He returned to America, landing in Boston June 6, 1794, absolutely penniless, and the next day wrote to Thornton telling him of his sufferings and asking him to buy a half-interest in the Columbian Ready Reckoner, a system of sea reckoning which he had invented and had dedicated to Thornton. He required money to pay for his homeward passage. Again on June 30 he appealed to Thornton in extreme distress.

With the return to America Fitch's career as a steamboat inventor really ended. He made some further experiments, but they amounted to little. After lingering in the East with some relations for three years he went to Bardstown, Ky., where he had acquired lands. There a tavern keeper agreed to keep him in lodging, food, and drink as long as he lived in return for a bond for a portion of his land. On February 1, 1798, he wrote to Thornton that he had made his will, leaving him a thirteenth part of his land, and the remainder of his property in equal shares with four others. His greatest obligation, he said, was to Thornton and Aaron Vail, the American Consul at L'Orient, also a member of the Fitch Company, who had befriended him in France. He begged for one more letter from Thornton. "I am going fast to mother clay," he said; but alcohol did not carry him fast enough, and four months later, at the end of June, 1798, he killed himself by an overdose of the medicine which his doctor had left for him. On June 25, a few days before his death, he made another will, in which, after leaving his beaver hat, buckles, and walking-stick to one of his friends, he placed first in the list of his other beneficiaries the name of William Thornton, to whom with three others he bequeathed his entire estate, share and share alike.

There was little that was tangible for them to inherit, but Thornton took over as his own the steamboat. No one had been as closely associated with Fitch in its invention as he, and no one was so competent as he to carry it forward now that Fitch was dead. Many years afterwards Thornton stated the fact—"that John Fitch, who was a poor, ignorant, but worthy and ingenious man, was the true inventor of the steamboat, and that I had a principal hand in perfecting it."

The connection of Thornton with subsequent events in steam navigation is too long a story for this communication. His negotiations with Fulton, when Fulton built a boat on Fitch's and his model, as he declared; Fulton's offer to him of partnership; Thornton's subsequent exclusion from any participation in steamboat building; his accusations against Fulton; their furious quarrel, and Fulton's death when Thornton's rage against him was at white heat—are another chapter in the history of the invention of the steamboat which was a tragedy in the life of Thornton as it had been in that of John Fitch. As late as 1819 he wrote to the Abbé Correa da Serra, the Portuguese Envoy at Washington, applying for a patent for steamboats in Brazil. "I am the person," he said, "who thirty years ago made a boat go at the rate of eight miles an hour," and up to the time of his death in January 28, 1828, he was still clamoring for recognition as the man who had made John Fitch's boat a success.

GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, May 5.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads the fiery speeches that have recently been delivered in Congress and the fierce diatribes that appear from time to time in some of our periodicals on the free tolls controversy, one can hardly help recognizing in such phrases as "truckling to England," "surrendering our good right to Great Britain," and more of the same sort, expressions that are familiar to readers of the history of the United States.

When President Washington interfered with the pernicious activities of Citizen Genet he was as bitterly denounced as his successor is now. When the Oregon boundary dispute was a live issue, a great many American patriots were ready to take up arms against Great Britain to the cry "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," albeit at that time such a cry represented the acme of folly. When the news of the Trent affair was telegraphed over the country, there was another clamor for a war with England in which a good many men joined who were opposed to coercing the South. The clamor was just as senseless as it had been fifteen years before. Not many years ago this country was reported to have been actually invaded by Great Britain. Although the invasion was a peaceful one conducted by the Cobden Club for the purpose of breaking down our high tariff wall, it was thoroughly characteristic of the insidious ways of that country.

The Irish in America have had a good deal to do with keeping alive the spirit of ill will against England; but they are not wholly responsible. When a boy, I was taught to believe that there was no act of injustice or of perfidy which the English Government was incapable of committing. This belief was not engendered by Irishmen, but by the school histories. One would suppose that the present generation of Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic would be generous enough

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to give the party in power credit for doing all it can to make amends for the wrongs done to Ireland in past years. Nevertheless, one hears few expressions of appreciation in this country. Recently the Germans have taken it upon themselves to warn the American people against the wiles of perfidious Albion.

One would suppose that the vast increase of information during the last few decades and the easy facilities for international intercourse would have well-nigh extinguished national prejudices. But progress in this respect has been painfully slow, and it still holds good that "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." While it is not true that people are "mostly fools," many men who are level-headed in all the common affairs of life come dangerously near to making fools of themselves when they are called upon to take a stand on a question of international politics.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., May 14.

Literature

JAPANESE GEOGRAPHY.

Japan's Inheritance: The Country, Its People, and Their Destiny. By E. Bruce Mitford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Mitford's book is a real contribution to our knowledge of Japanese geography. He has gone far afield, north and south, knows the Alpine regions that lie to the northwest of Fujiyama, the craters and solfataras of Kyushu, and the lakes, rivers, forests, and mountains of the Hokkaido. It is now several decades since another Mitford, known to-day as Lord Redesdale, gave the world the classic volume, "Tales of Old Japan," and to have associated the name with something inferior in workmanship would have been a matter for keen regret. Happily, this book needs no apology. Mr. Mitford is at home in geology, and brings a scientific eye to his survey of the landscape; which in no way interferes with his æsthetic enjoyment.

Even if the northern and southern islands had not recently been before the world because of famine and volcanic disasters, the author's detailed descriptions of the Hokkaido and of Kyushu would yet be of great value. In the south it is the midwinter season that is sunny and attractive; the summers are wet and cloudy. Consequently, the tourist is not likely to find his way thither. The Hokkaido in the north is still a field for the settler; in its foliage and natural attractions it differs radically from the central island; during the early summer particularly the climate is foggy and the air raw, though stimulating. And yet in southern Kyushu are found those "impossible mountains" which are so often depicted on Japanese screens, and which an artist must delight to behold in actual nature. And in the northern island, far beyond the tracks of Miss Isabella Bird, when she visited the Aino chief, nestles Shikotsu, "Japan's sublimest lake, . . . whose deep-hued waters give weird glimpses of submerged crags and pinnacles." Facing page 252 is a photogravure of Komagatake, an extinct volcano, with graceful curves, lying north of Hakodate and familiar to residents. The photograph was taken from Lake Onuma, close by, on the west, and bears a sub-line in italics, "The margin of the lake has been made into a 'landscape garden.'" Indeed, to follow Mr. Mitford in his rambles and expeditions is a constant stimulus to the lover of natural scenery, both in its native form and as interpreted by the Japanese artist and gardener. Facing page 9 is a key map of Japanese scenery in colors, indicating granite, schist, and gneiss formations.

Chapter xii, entitled The Gateway of the South, the author devotes to a detailed description of the island of Kyushu. Opposite page 238, he gives an excellent photogravure of the island volcano of Sakura-jima, which rises from Kagoshima Bay, only a few miles from the city, and recently worked such woful havoc. The fine contour of its cone, alas, has been shattered. Our author has a good deal to say of it. "Sugar-cane," he remarks in his opening chapter, "is grown, and left standing all the year round, on the southward slopes of Sakura-jima—the only place, I believe, in Japan. That most malodorous radish, the *daikon*, here grows as big as a man." And again at chapter xii: "I question whether Mother Earth has anywhere a finer combination of land and sea scapes than this prospect from Sakura-jima's splintered crest." The fertility of this garden-spot has helped to remove the fallacy that the infertility that marks the soil of Japan in many districts is due to volcanic products. Our author ascribes it rather to disintegrated granite and crystalline schists, seeing that tobacco flourishes remarkably in soil derived from volcanic material. The lower half of the page that gives a picture of Sakura-jima has a still finer view of the active crater, known as "The Horse's Bone," of Takachiho, a mountain hardly less sacred than Fujiyama, for here the grandson of the Sun-Goddess Amaterasu alighted when he came down from heaven to pave the way for the conquest of Japan. Thirty years ago it was dormant, but now it is, next to Asama, the most active in Japan; unless the recent activity of its neighbor to the south gives the second place to Sakura-jima. Sakura-jima has a bad record; an eruption in 1779 "was of such a nature that the people could walk from the island, a distance of eight to ten miles, on the floating pumice ejected from the crater." The distance to-day, by the way, is only about two miles.

Mr. Mitford gives an excellent account of that dangerous volcano, Asamayama, which has of late years shown such signs of activity that a cordon of police is stationed round its foot to keep sightseers away. Its cone is peculiar in having a dome-like shape. "Its position at the intersection of two lines of volcanic activity doubtless accounts for the huge bulk of the cone, the unusual depth of the crater, and its long-continued activity." Ten years ago the author subjected the crater to a close examination, and saw, from a projecting dike or promontory, the floor, lying some 600 feet below him, "a broken, rocky expanse of ground, strewn with big boulders and steaming pools." Counting up the outbursts of the past five years, seventy in all, which mean a steady rise of the floor of the vent, he calculates that if this activity is kept up for the next twenty-five years the floor will be level with the lip of the crater. Seismologists fear a really great eruption at any moment.

The author's observations of the people in various parts of the empire have led him to the conclusion that the inhabitants of the mountain districts are superior to those of the lowlands; that the inhabitants of Northern Japan are superior to those of the south; and that the fisher-folk in general, but especially in the north, are the best developed of all. The Japanese fisherman has earned for himself a reputation for quarrelsomeness, and the police have often difficulty in enforcing regulations in seaside villages. The number of fishermen throughout the country shows a serious decline of 15 per cent. in the last few years. They find it a hard task to earn a living, the monthly proceeds per head averaging less than three United States dollars; and this last winter, when extreme cold drove away the fish from the shores of Hokkaido and northern Hondo, will accelerate the ominous decline.

In drawing his conclusions regarding the temper of modern Japan, Mr. Mitford has wisely gone to other cities than the commercialized, tourist-haunted centres which are in everybody's mouth. To find cities that are neither ultra-modern nor hopelessly behind the times, he has sought "those provincial centres which, not many years ago, were the headquarters of some great Daimyate, or clan, and thus retain amid the commercial activities a feudal aristocracy of their own. Of such are Kagoshima and Kumamoto in the south, Kofu and Mito in the east, Sendai and Wakamatsu in the north. . . . Each has its characteristic industry and its local color." His political conclusions regarding the

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people are discriminating and sound; and few weightier or more illuminating discussions, dealing with the Japanese question from the international side, have appeared than the closing three chapters, Japan as a Colonial Power, Where East Meets West, and A Peep Into the Future.

As an ethnologist and historian Mr. Mitford is less satisfactory, and statements made on pages 315, 317, and again on pages 331, 332, need careful revision. Nor is he at his best as a stylist; his somewhat lavish use of French and Latin would at once bring him under the ban of the poet-laureate's Society for Pure English. Why *la haute politique, grande passion, clientèle, fait accompli;* or *ad Græcas calendas, terra firma, flagrante delicto,* when quiet English equivalents would serve the purpose better? Especially objectionable are the intrusions when there was reason to use so many Japanese words, like *soroban, andon, yadoya;* and with a little care he might even get rid of many of these. But such defects are hardly worth mentioning, in a production that is full of solid worth from beginning to end, and is specially to be welcomed at this time when the places he portrays so vividly with pen and camera are attracting keen and sympathetic attention all over the world.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is the kind of volume Mr. Wells writes as a diversion from the press of weightier endeavors; we can imagine him proud of it as a proof of his facility, but scarcely for its intrinsic quality. It is a sketchy bit of satire, built on the imagined dropping of an angel to this earth, and his painful efforts at readjustment to our warped and imperfect scheme of things. As such, it has effective scenes. Mr. Angel (so he is called, and is regarded by the vulgar as a simple humpbacked creature) is taken under the protection of the scientific Vicar who shot him in the air, and who fully credits his supernatural origin, though he despairs of convincing others. The Vicar carries him about the countryside, and tries to initiate him into all the snobberies of local society. The satiric culmination comes at a musicale, where the angel plays divinely, but is mercilessly crushed by the guests because of his inability to read notes. When he gallantly assists the maid in an awkward predicament, the whisper runs around that he is drunk. Having thus employed him as an agent to exhibit the vapidity of provincial life and the falseness of our conventions, Mr. Wells removes him by a simple, heroic expedient. Into a cottage fire the angel rushes to rescue a girl, the roof falls, and he disappears in flame and a burst of music. Truth to say, the celestial visitor is made too much of a prig and a visionary to give the story the impressiveness it might otherwise have.

From an Island Outpost. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

An appropriate sub-title to this volume would be "Thoughts and Rhapsodies of a Lady Novelist in the Country." The "island outpost" is Nantucket. The book seems to be made up of extracts from a diary of the last five years, written always with a view to publication. It contains random moralizings and theorizings on all sorts of subjects, well mixed with descriptions of Nantucket and a great variety of things of which Nantucket reminds Miss Waller. The descriptions, though rather exclamatory in style, are sometimes attractive. Readers of Miss Waller's novels will no doubt be interested in her opinions on education, the latest fashions in women's dress, Ibsen, the future of New England, etc. Some of these opinions are shrewd and sensible. Of the exploiters of sex, for instance, she writes:

"There is a humorous side to these moderns' 'output.' Reading their plays and novels we would receive the impression that their creators are hardly yet fully awake to the fact that this earth has been peopled for thousands of years. . . . Looked at from the right angle, through a normal medium, there is no such problem as the 'sex-problem.' The facts in evidence do not constitute a 'problem.' . . . What is termed 'sex' is a force, and like gravitation it solves itself."

The Marryers. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a little humorous sketch in the vein of "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Lizzie, it will be recalled, nearly devastated a countryside by infecting it with city fashions and extravagances. If we remember aright, the malady was taken in time, and there was a general return to the simple life and happiness ever after. The idea here is not more subtle. The "marryers" are the female title-hunters who have certainly lost nothing of their usefulness to novelists and playwrights during recent years. About the figure of the American heiress pursuing her favorite big game abroad, Mr. Bacheller's carefully rustic humor plays with a good deal of effectiveness. The Hon. Socrates Potter, of Pointview, Connecticut, is supposed to tell the story, and prefaces a brief: "*In re* America vs. Sundry Feudal Tendencies." His friend Norris, father of the heiress, is, like all American millionaires, helpless in the hands of his women-folk. He is, in fact, exceptionally inefficient in the management of his household, even for a millionaire. For example, he does not fancy Italian counts, least of all rascally ones, but when his ambitious wife determines to marry Gwendolyn to one of them, there seems to be nothing to do but sigh. Norris's specialty is domestic self-sacrifice. As a youth he went to prison to save his father's name, and through manhood he paid blackmail to save his wife and daughter the anguish of knowing him for a jailbird. The blackmailer is a preposterous person, reformed in the last act, and married to a good and rich woman, who knows and forgives all. As for Gwendolyn's fate, it has to be determined largely by the efforts of Uncle Socrates. It involves, of course, the frustration of all possible counts, and the success of the good and athletic and handsome and prosperous young American who has been marked for Gwendolyn's mate from the very first page.

Viennese Idylls. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Frederick Eisemann. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Mr. Eisemann has brought together six of Arthur Schnitzler's short stories under a title little befitting their character. These studies of mental obsession dealing with strange fits of passion, remorse, fright, and the disillusionment that follows upon great emotional crises are scarcely to be classed as idylls. Viennese these stories certainly are, inasmuch as they embody that peculiar mixture of the tender and the ironic, that faculty of feeling and of contemplating one's self at the same time which distinguishes the Young Austrian writers from their more single-minded North German contemporaries. Five of the stories are analyses of erotic experiences with a blend of mysticism. "Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is the tale of a brother's fidelity: a single episode in the life of two strolling musicians whom the carelessly spoken word of a stranger throws into a situation where each reveals his heart to each. The concentration and realism of the treatment remind one of Maupassant, but there is a warm note of compassion in Schnitzler that is far removed from the French writer's impersonality. The translation lacks the grace and distinction of the original.

Sweetapple Cove. By George Van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Sweetapple Cove is a Newfoundland fishing village, just inshore of the Grand Banks. It has a parson, but no physician, till our John Grant, a doctorling just out of hospital service, comes there to cut his teeth as a practitioner, and to find out what he is good for "as a man among men." He quickly becomes the

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idol of Sweetapple Cove. Two things might naturally happen: the American way would be to have him find in one of the humble cottages one of nature's noblewomen, and in the end take her to himself. The British way would be to have him, after proving himself a man to the Queen's taste, suddenly translated to a title and estates At Home. Quite another thing does happen. An American millionaire brings his daughter to Sweetapple Cove, for salmon-fishing, and promptly breaks his leg. She remains intact for Dr. John. Though city-bred and ignorant of the wilderness, she shows amazing ability under Dr. John's tutoring, lands a record salmon at her first cast, and a record caribou at her first shot. There are divers adventures, giving scope for the heroism of both young parties, and the end is all that could be desired. Though the "love-interest" is slight and rather commonplace, the local atmosphere is well conveyed. The patient old parson and his perfect wife are worth more than the young pair, at least to a middle-aged reader.

THE PITFALLS OF PRECOCITY.

The Early Life of John Howard Payne. With contemporary letters heretofore unpublished. By Willis T. Hanson, Jr. Boston: Privately printed. $13.50.

The author of that bit of deathless doggerel, "Home, Sweet Home," has not lacked his biographers. They have inclined to harp on the insufficiency of his reward for all the labor of his years. So sad to be remembered only for a casual lyric when one has written sixty-odd plays, many of them in blank verse! Still, there have been industrious and versatile writers who have not been remembered at all. Lacking "Home, Sweet Home," Payne would not have been the first author with eleven tragedies, nine comedies, twenty-six dramas and melodramas, seven operas, and ten farces (or their equivalent) more or less to his credit—he would not have been the first hero of this species to vanish from this earthly scene and leave no trace behind. And to Payne's bit of doggerel must be granted one good line.

In his own day, at least, he was an effective and picturesque, if never quite prosperous, figure. He was the first American to make an impression abroad as a dramatist. Two of his plays and two of his operas were very successful. His "Brutus" was produced by Edmund Kean in 1818, gained immense applause, and survived on the stage for fifty years; McCullough, Forrest, and Booth played it in America. As a boy, he had been a leading "American Roscius." His country eased his last decade by giving him the consulship at Tunis. Such a career cannot be called disastrous; its unhappiness (for it was unhappy) must have sprung from the nature of the man himself. This is made clear—though the chronicler does not seem to perceive it—by the present detailed account of his early life.

His father was a New Yorker, of the same family as Robert Treat Paine and Dolly Payne, wife of President Madison. His mother was a Jewess. The senior Payne was a schoolmaster of repute, and became head of an academy in Boston in 1796. There young Payne had his schooling, with extraordinary results, on the surface, at least. He was not a scholar, but had a clever and acquisitive mind and the knack of turning all his acquisition to display. It was a day of prodigies, and the most famous of them, young Betty, the "infant Roscius" of England, was just Payne's age. As it chanced, the Boston schoolmaster was a specialist in the teaching of elocution. The small son had already become an admired performer when the amazing tale of young Betty's exploits reached America. Young Payne determined to be an infant Roscius, too, and was encouraged in the notion by a well-known Boston actor who had heard him speak. But this was too much for the father, who saw no essential relation between elocution and the stage. The eleven-year-old had to confine himself to writing theatrical criticisms which the newspapers accepted, says our biographer, "on their merit." Through these criticisms he met a youth who, by a quaint chance, was to write the only American poem which approaches "Home, Sweet Home" in popularity—Samuel Woodworth, cooper of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Woodworth was not, as Mr. Hanson states, "a boy of about Payne's own age," but some five or six years older. He was a printer's apprentice, and amused himself by publishing a little paper of his own, *The Fly*. Payne contributed to it, and no doubt it suggested his own *Thespian Mirror*, which, a year or two later, we find him editing. He was then supposed to be working in a New York business office, and his employer had been instructed to keep him away from the theatre. To undertake a theatrical weekly in these circumstances showed valor, if not discretion. The surprising thing is that the boy succeeded not only in writing most of its contents, but in getting it printed and pretty widely read. Mr. Hanson evidently thinks it remarkable as criticism, and prints several numbers in facsimile. It is undoubtedly precocious, and probably as good as most of what passed for criticism at the time. A paragraph from the preface to the first number may show the kind of thing:

> It cannot be denied that the Stage is circulated for purposes, at once the most laudable and useful. From its glowing and impressive representations, the Tyrant is induced to relax his wonted severity, the hand of Avarice is opened to the generous influence of benevolence; the wantonness of the profligate is succeeded by philosophic thoughtfulness; the asperity of Misanthropy is softened into charity and cheerfulness; the conscience of the criminal is struck to repentance, and those absurdities and follies which pervade the
>
> "Living manners as they rise,"
>
> and are not immediately cognizable by the criminal or canon laws, are made to shrink and retire before the lash of dramatic satire:
>
> "Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

Such writing gained local fame for its young author. Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, asked him to tea, was greatly impressed, and wrote (in the *Evening Post*): "I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own." Public curiosity about the remarkable boy grew sufficiently to justify the production of a play by him in 1806, and its publication in the same year. Coleman projected a subscription to get Payne a college education; but a merchant named Seaman took the whole matter over. He seems to have been infatuated with the boy at first, and offered virtually to adopt him.

But the prodigy was already spoiled. He felt that his acceptance of this generosity was a condescension. His genius gave him the right to do as he chose. After a year or two at Union College, where everything was done for him, his insolence and insubordination brought about a final breach with his patron. He then succeeded in getting his father's permission to try the stage. On his first appearance as young Norval in "Douglas" he scored a great success. With a little common-sense he might have won a permanent place in the theatre, but his bumptiousness soon embroiled him with managers and fellow actors, and after a brief season of triumph he found himself without backing. He had made a good deal of money, but it was gone. There were still friends to coddle him. They now raised a purse of $2,000 to give him a year abroad. He stayed nearly twenty years, toiling indefatigably and always discontentedly at his plays and playing. He expected more of life than it gave him; the world was never quite at his feet. America fêted him when he found time to return to her, and gave him a comfortable berth for his last years. But he had never realized the doubtful promises of his precocity, or admitted to himself that his relative failure was due to inward rather than outward causes. Few men have been born to a more kindly earth, have been more generously dealt with in the body, or more gently (if vaguely) held in memory.

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HASTY COMPOSITION.

The Reign of Henry VII from Contemporary Sources. Selected and arranged in three volumes, with an Introduction by A. F. Pollard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

These three substantial volumes are the product, so Mr. Pollard informs us, "of the few leisure hours that have fallen to him in the last fifteen months." A very cursory glance at them will suffice to explain why such an apparently imposing piece of work has been accomplished in so brief a time. They consist, almost exclusively, of a selection of documents, bearing on the narrative, constitutional, social, and economic history of the reign of Henry VII, reprinted for the most part from already published sources or transcripts, without collation with the original MSS. It is certainly convenient to have accessible in a single set documents hitherto scattered through such collections as Campbell's "Materials," Gairdner's "Letters and Papers," the "Paston Letters," Bentley's "Excerpta Historica," etc. A few misprints and errors of chronology have been rectified, and an occasional helpful explanatory note has been added. Save, however, for these very obvious merits, it is difficult to discover precisely wherein the present collection justifies its existence.

The introduction, too, bears evidence of careless and hasty composition, and is in no sense worthy of Mr. Pollard's high reputation. It abounds in minor errors, and its statements and reasoning are by no means always convincing. One does not see, for instance, why the mother of Charles V should be constantly referred to as "Juaña" (pp. lvii-lx *passim*), or the Great Captain as "Gonsalvo di Cordova" (p. lviii), or the infant son of Ferdinand's daughter Isabella and of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, as "Michael or Emmanuel" (Vol. III, p. 58, *n*); nor is it at all clear, in view of its subsequent fate, why Navarre would have escaped the Emperor, if Ferdinand's child by Germaine de Foix had survived (p. lx). The author's economic horizon would have been considerably broadened by a perusal of Schanz, whose name, by the way, does not figure among "the fewer than half-a-dozen modern writers on Henry VII" who in Mr. Pollard's judgment "need be considered" (p. xv). Nor should he dwell twice on the results of Lord Bacon's mistaking Bernard André's "*lætanter*" for "*latenter*" (pp. x; 11 *n*) without giving Dr. Gairdner credit for discovering them. The footnotes are often inaccurate and misleading, *e. g.*, "Cely Papers, Camden Soc." (Vol. III, p. 321).

The simple fact of the matter is that Mr. Pollard has not taken time or pains enough in the preparation of this last work. At his best he is exceedingly good; but when the slap-dash fit comes, he hurries and stumbles frequently; and the vigor, even dogmatism, of his style aggravates his defects, just as, in his more careful work, it enhances his merits. There is evidence of a deplorable tendency among some recent English historical scholars to regard the editing of documents as mere hack-work, and as a task demanding far less skill and precision than the writing of history. The present work is a case in point. In this respect, if not in others, English historical scholarship still lags far behind that of France, Germany, and the United States.

CONGREGATIONALISM.

Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3 net.

It is appropriate that a life of Theodore Thornton Munger should have been written by the acting-pastor of Yale University Church in the city of New Haven, the ancient seat of New England theology, where Munger was for fifteen years pastor of the United Congregational Church. There is a fitness also in its publication by the Yale University Press on the morrow of the Kansas City Convention of Congregational Churches, where the Dean of the Yale Divinity School was highly honored, and the progressive platform of the Congregationalists was adopted. In Munger's life we have in biographical form a history of the struggles of Congregationalism during the last eighty years to throw off denominational exclusiveness, and to restate Congregational principles in terms of catholicity. This movement, finding its first expression at Boston in 1865, and at Oberlin in 1872, culminated at Kansas City in 1913 in the final rejection of a denominational creed and excessive decentralization. That was a victory in which Munger, with reverent satisfaction, would have rejoiced, as defining Congregationalism in terms of principle and not of sect, and making for a progress in theology that would open the door more widely than before to the abiding presence of God.

The early years of Munger's life were a time of religious restlessness and discontent in New England. The Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, with its doctrine of the second birth and the need of a conscious experience of salvation, seemed a hopelessly deadening creed to many an earnest thinker of that day, and led to the withdrawal of many who were distressed by the sorry note of New England theology into more congenial spiritual atmospheres. But Munger, though congratulating his friend, Elisha Mulford, on his contentment in Episcopacy, and thoroughly disheartened with the prevailing orthodoxy, found that he had too much of the Puritan in him to leave the church of his fathers, and sought for continuity and catholicism within the fold of Congregationalism. Therefore, while Mulford, contented with Episcopacy, was writing his great book, "The Nation," Munger was working out plans for the reconstruction of the Republic, not of man, but of God, under the inspiration of Robertson, Maurice, and especially Bushnell, and of the new forms of philosophic thought that were born of the doctrine of evolution.

In this effort Munger became the bearer of the torch that Bushnell had lighted. It is the great merit of Dr. Bacon's book that, while dealing with the simple annals of the quiet life of a New England minister, he has realized the significance of that life for the world at large. He writes of Munger as a man of more than ordinary talents, leading in the protest against the uncatholic, self-centred spirit of the denominationalists, who, taking advantage of "the unbounded liberty of independency," fought for the perpetuation of a congeries of local churches, each possessed of the inalienable right to shape its own creed. Himself of Munger's own school of theological thought, he has devoted many pages of his book to a discussion of the crisis of reconstruction of the church in the seventies, and with admirable candor, but with strong and sympathetic utterance has formulated a trenchant indictment of those who would have built up competing churches on the denominational plan. When he reaches Munger's pastorates at North Adams and New Haven, 1877-1900, he has entered the freer atmosphere of liberty and democracy in the church, and can turn to the more personal characteristics of Munger's influence, as seen in the latter's writings, especially "The Freedom of Faith," "The Appeal to Life," and "Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian." The last-named is in large measure but an unconscious expression of Munger's personality. Yet even here Munger is seen as a typical New England minister of the "progressive" school, one whose circle of influence was ever widening as recognition of his place in the theological world came from those to whom the New Theology made an irresistible appeal.

Munger's call to New Haven was coincident with the opening of a new era in the history of the Divinity School, and throughout his pastorate he was a pillar of strength to that younger generation of the Divinity School which has since become its dominant influence. His election to membership in the Yale Corporation was deemed a triumph of liberalism, promising greater changes to come in the composition of that hitherto exclusively ministerial body.

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Notes

The Century Company will publish "Henry of Navarre—Ohio," by Holworthy Hall, on June 12.

The forthcoming publication of "The Story of Duciehurst," by Charles Egbert Craddock, is announced by the Macmillan Company.

"The Intervening Lady," by Edgar Jepson, is announced for publication on Saturday by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

John W. Luce & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The New Foolish Dictionary," by Gideon Wurdz (Charles Wayland Towne).

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication early next month: "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick; "What Is it to Be Educated?" by C. Hanford Henderson; "The Sister of the Wind," by Grace Fallow Norton; "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

"POST-IMPRESSIONS" (Dodd, Mead; $1 net), by Simeon Strunsky, consists of thirty-four brief and mirthful essays which the New York *Evening Post* offered to its readers in 1913. Readers who, like the writer of this note, are devoted followers of Post-Impressionism will recall with delight how, a couple of years after the appearance of Halley's comet, certain large opaque bodies became suddenly transparent in their transit of the field of Mr. Strunsky's newly invented "Outlooking Glass." A similar power of penetrating the figures of the transitory show with light appears in this volume. Readers who, like the writer of this note, have upon their shelves Mr. Strunsky's first volume of essays, "The Patient Observer," will know why to place "Post-Impressions" beside it. The new collection contains, no doubt, some pieces produced under journalistic pressure; for these, a single reading will suffice. What strikes this reviewer is the number of pieces that he has marked for reading and repeated re-reading aloud on occasions when the conversation of chance groups by his fireside falls a little flat: Alma Mater Broadway, The Contemplative Life, Summer Reading, Nocturne, Harold's Soul, I and II, Thorns in the Cushion, Romance, Rhetoric 21, Low Grade Citizens, Two and Two, the "unauthorized interview" with Bergson called Brick and Mortar, the brilliant little burlesque of Arnold Bennett called Realism, the laugh on the modern business man called The Quarry Slave, and—perhaps most "delicious" of all—the dialogue between the Explorer and the Lady at a five-o'clock tea, called The Monotony of the Poles.

ONE who takes up Mr. Bryan's lecture, "The Prince of Peace," now put out in book form (Revell: 35 cents), will be puzzled over the title. There is as much about evolution as peace in the production, and only a few sentences about peace in its international bearings. Mr. Bryan is skeptical of the Darwinian theory. "I am not yet convinced," he says, "that man is a lineal descendant of the lower animals. I do not mean to find fault with you if you want to accept the theory; all I mean to say is that, while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey, if you find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without more evidence than has yet been produced." Mr. Bryan objects to the theory "for several reasons":

> First, it is a dangerous theory. If a man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going towards him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former.

It is a little difficult to believe that this is the sort of thing which tens of thousands of persons have paid good money to hear.

THREE essays of Kuno Francke have appeared in an excellent German translation, together with a reprint of an article originally contributed by him to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the whole forming a brochure under the title, "Deutsche und Amerikanische Ideale" (Berlin: Verlag der Deutschen Bücherei). This is in line with his double rôle of interpreting German ideals to Americans and American ideals to Germans. One may find, here and there, his definitions strained—Emerson is to him the Jean Paul of New England—and refuse to follow him in his estimate of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," Hauptmann's "Der arme Heinrich," and Kühnemann's "Schiller," and yet acknowledge that there is something wholesome in the sustained enthusiasm of a scholar who sees in the striving for high ideals the best connecting link between two continents. "Weniger Nietzsche und mehr Emerson" is certainly a good motto, whether stated in English or German.

A WELL-BRED, well-tempered spirit is everywhere discernible in "The Edge of the Woods, and Other Papers" (Revell; $1.25 net), by Zephine Humphrey. Though her subjects range from In Praise of Everyday to The Joyous Company of the Possessed, she is always restrained without being sober, animated without being garrulous, and emotional without being sentimental. Her style is eminently that of an educated woman—sensitive, accurate, various in tone, sometimes a trifle precious. Some of the best essays among the twenty-five are The Edge of the Woods, The Passing of Indoors, and Hoosick Junction. The following extract from the second of these is typical of the writer's usual mood:

> Sleeping out of doors was the next phase in the open-air movement. That also began casually and charmingly. A wakeful dreamer lingered long in his hammock, watching the stars, musing in the still summer night, until, lo! there was the dawn beginning behind the eastern hills. A happy experience. Not much sleeping about it—there is seldom much sleeping about real experiences—but so much pleasure that the heart said, "Go to! why not have this good thing always? Why not sleep out of doors every night?" Which is, of course, exactly the way in which human nature works: very reasonable, very sane, and convincing, but unfortunately never quite so successful as it ought to be. That which has blessed us once must be secured for our souls to feast on perpetually; revelation must fold its wings and abide with us.

That attitude towards revelation, according to the writer, betokens a lustful spirit and brings inevitable defeat. She proceeds to quote a stanza from Blake that sets forth one of her main beliefs:

> He who bends to himself a joy,
> Does the wingèd life destroy;
> But he who kisses a joy as it flies,
> Lives in eternity's sunrise.

And, with a characteristic quiet humor, she applies this idea to the matter in hand: "The stars and the dawn do not condescend to such paraphernalia for waylaying them as sleeping-bags, rubber blankets, air-pillows, and mosquito netting."

SIXTY-ODD short essays, grouped under Nature, Man and Society, Art and Letters, Education, and Facetiæ, are included in "Little Essays in Literature and Life" (Century; $1.55 net), by Richard Burton, professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota. "The way of the familiar essay is one," says the "Foreword," "of the formal essay another. The latter is informational, it defines, proves; the former, seeking for friendlier and more personal relations with the reader, aims at suggestion, stimulation." In the essays that follow these aims are not strikingly fulfilled. The language, indeed, is remarkably neat, polished, and flexible, and, as a matter of style, the essays are agreeable reading. But they suggest little and stimulate less. One feels throughout the cultivated intelligence of the scholar, but the exercise of thought is hardly sufficiently strenuous for insight, and neither "dives deeper than any plummet line of the intellect," nor rises above intellectual commonplace. Doubtless, this is the outcome of the theory that the art of letters (though it should also be spiritually elevating) is "primarily for the pleasure of the world." In any case, the essays seem always to come to an end in an Aristotelian golden mean just when there is something to say. The difficulty is that they are too brief to say much, and they fall short of the wit and genius needed to make such "little essays" a success.

FOR some time past Mr. William H. Ferris, a colored graduate of Yale University, has been promising to the world a scientific and philosophical work on the negro, to assist him in which undertaking he obtained financial aid from many friends of the race. The resultant work is now before us in two volumes under the title "The African Abroad" from the Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press of New Haven, Conn. ($5 net). We regret to state that the work is without value, a mere jumble of opinion and quotation, without order of any kind, which would seem to point the moral that no such undertaking should be financed by those interested in the race without ascertaining first the competence of the writer. As it is, the book merely reflects upon the educated American negro.

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THE author of "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart" (Boston: Little, Brown; $3 net), Henry C. Shelley, gives as his excuse for adding to the already vast mass of literature on this topic the fact that earlier biographers of the Scottish Queen have not recognized that, though Mary's life exceeded forty-four years, the crucial events of it were compressed into a space of fifteen months—from February, 1567, when Darnley was murdered, to May, 1568, when Mary was defeated at Langside and fled to England. Save for a brief prologue and epilogue, then, Mr. Shelley's book deals exclusively with this brief period. It is not an argument for or against the Scottish Queen; the author is strictly non-partisan, and has simply striven to be a chronicler. In his preface he warns us that absence of footnotes and references does not indicate ignorance of the literature of his subject: for twenty years past, so he assures us, he has read far and wide in the sources and secondary authorities of his subject, and visited the scenes which he describes. He is apparently absolutely convinced of the genuineness of the Casket Letters, and gives no hint that any one has ever maintained that they were forgeries. As Mr. Shelley does not observe the rules of ordinary historical writing, it would not be fair to judge his work as such. It gives, however, a truer picture of the time than many of the more minute, learned, and partisan treatises on the same subject, and, for the average reader, is considerably more worth while.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

AT the British Museum the first stage has been completed of an extensive series of additions to the main building. The top floor of the wing just opened has been allotted to the Department of Prints and Drawings. It is divided into an exhibition gallery, about 220 feet long, and a large room for students. A lower floor is occupied at present by the collection of Chinese paintings, manuscripts, etc., recovered by Sir Aurel Stein from the sands of Chinese Turkestan. Another part of this annex, the North Library, will take the place of the old supplementary reading-room, where in past years special students have had the privilege of special tables and their own collections of books.

AN important move is about to be made in England for the promotion of training in art as applied to industry. Hitherto the Royal Academy has confined its activities to the fine arts, and has officially kept aloof from the educational work in industrial arts carried on by the Government at South Kensington and the various provincial centres. Negotiations are now on foot between Mr. J. A. Pease, president of the Board of Education, and Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, to coördinate the work of the Government schools with that of the Academy.

A STIMULUS to the textual criticism of the Koran is likely to result from a discovery just made at Cambridge. Among the palimpsests in the possession of Mrs. Lewis is a document of which the underscript is a version of the Koran. An examination of this by Dr. Alphonse Mingana has revealed the fact that it contains a large number of variations from the received text, many of them decided improvements. According to British Museum experts, the handwriting is of the end of the ninth century. The whole document will be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press.

THE new building of the University of Zürich, which is imposing by reason of its situation on a hill above the town, but architecturally is not beautiful, was badly needed. For Europe, the growth of the university has been very rapid. In 1833, it was merely a high school, with about 160 students. Since that time, the Government has liberally endowed it, and in 1903 the number enrolled was 1,507. While the school has counted among its professors many distinguished scholars, it has passed through some difficult days in seeking to insure academic freedom. When Strauss, after the publication of the "Leben Jesu," was called there to a chair of theology, the people of Zürich were so indignant that the authorities were obliged to cancel the appointment and to pay an indemnity to the professor. The university was called a "hotbed of atheism." Another great light of the Tübingen school — Eduard Zeller — also lectured there, and among other names on the roll of professors in the past are those of Keller and Bluntschli, two of the most distinguished jurists of the nineteenth century; Oken, the naturalist-philosopher; Vischer, the æsthetician, and Lang, who declined the call to take Haeckel's place at Jena. In philosophy, Zürich has had upon its faculty Lange, the author of the "Geschichte des Materialismus"; Wundt, and that singularly profound and ingenious metaphysician, Avenarius.

VIRGILE ROSSEL, who not long ago published a complete but superficial history of Swiss literature, has written a less ambitious but much better book, "Histoire du Jura bernois," which has appeared at Geneva, to celebrate the centenary of the admission of that territory into the Confederation. It is a curious fact that this part of Switzerland should not have formed an independent canton, instead of being absorbed by Berne. The character of its people and its traditions make it one of the most homogeneous regions in Switzerland. It has been lately resisting the efforts of the Berne Government to impose the German language upon the people, many of whom prefer to hear and to speak French—of a certain kind.

ONE of the legacies left to the Italian Premier, Signor Salandra, by his predecessor, Signor Giolitti, was the menacing agitation of the state railway servants. This had been encouraged by the dangerous policy followed during the last few years of giving way to demands, even if unreasonable, provided they were backed up by threats. The movement was organized by the Railwaymen's Syndicate, a union of a decidedly revolutionary character, and the chief demands were an increase of wages to the tune of 90,000,000 lire and the suppression of promotion by merit, which would be tantamount to the triumph of the unfit. The Government has handled the situation with considerable firmness and skill. It declared itself ready to raise the wages of the least paid men, involving an expenditure of 15,000,000 lire, which is as much as the Exchequer can stand at present, but absolutely refused to abolish promotion by merit. At the same time, it was prepared to "militarize" all railwaymen who had served in the army, *i. e.*, to retain them at their posts on the railways, but under military discipline, and to take all other measures necessary to carry on a reduced service and to preserve order. The Syndicate blustered, and threatened a general social revolution, but public opinion, realizing that a railway strike meant the disorganization of the commercial life of the country, lent it no support, and the bulk of the railwaymen themselves saw that such a movement could have little chance of success. Finally, after a series of stormy meetings at Ancona, the general council of the Syndicate, while declaring itself dissatisfied with the Government's terms, adjourned the strike "to a more favorable occasion," *i. e., sine die.* The outcome has been welcomed with general satisfaction, but even the threat of a strike has caused the nation a loss of many millions from the reduced tourist traffic.

Science

HOUSEWIFERY AS A SCIENCE.

Foods and Household Management. By Helen Kinne and Anna M. Cooley. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.10.

The Efficient Kitchen. By Georgie Boynton Child. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

English Cookery Books. By Arnold Whitaker Oxford. London: Humphrey Milford. 5 shillings net.

Eat and Grow Thin. By Mahdah and Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. $1 net.

Some of the extreme feminists maintain that all women, even though married, should seek work in shops and factories and offices because there is so little left for them to do at home. The busy, ideal housewife smiles at this assertion, and any one can find out how foolish it is by reading the text-book of the household arts issued by two professors of the Teachers College, Columbia University, under the title of "Foods and Household Management." Here are 400 pages, many of them in small type, with every one of which the "compleat housewife" ought to be familiar, and able to apply the knowledge it imparts as occasion arises. While a considerable number of recipes are included, it is far more than merely a cook-book. Those of our housewives who have to do their own cooking—as eleven out of every dozen have to—should read

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it in free moments while preparing the meals, because the information it imparts will greatly increase their interest in their tasks, besides teaching methods of economy and improved processes, while the more fortunate women who can afford servants should none the less know all the things Professors Kinne and Cooley are ready to tell them, because hired domestic helpers—as well as grocers and butchers—are much more likely to give satisfaction if they find out that the mistress knows what is right and good and what isn't. Among the topics discussed are rules for buying goods, bargain sales, trading stamps and prizes, purchase of clothing and household textiles, care of rooms, household insects, economics of laundering, savings and allowances, the cost and purchase of food, menus and dietaries, table service, water and other beverages, foodstuffs, kitchen furnishings, fuels and stoves, food preparation, disposal of waste food. The psychology of eating is briefly discussed (p. 12), with a closer approximation to the truth than is usual in culinary treatises; but in enumerating the flavors that are detected by the sense of taste the authors oddly omit the mention of those that are bitter, which are among the epicure's chief delights.

Until recently cook-books consisted entirely of recipes. Gradually, miscellaneous information useful to cooks was introduced, and to-day there is a tendency to give the recipes much less space (as in the book under discussion), or else to crowd them out altogether, as in another excellent volume before us, "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie Boynton Child, of the Housekeeping Experiment Station at Stamford, Conn. This is a monograph of 241 pages by one who "tried to do efficient work in kitchens diabolically contrived to waste every human effort," and then set to work to solve for herself and others the problems of practical kitchen planning and equipment. Among her topics are scientific grouping, built-in conveniences, heating the kitchen and keeping dishes warm, choice of fuel, time and labor-saving equipment, disposal of waste, dishwashing, the laundry problem, the business side of the kitchen. Special attention should be called to the section on cooking by steam. While this method has been practiced in some form or other for many years, to most cooks and housewives its conveniences are unknown. "The greatest advantage of cooking by steam lies in the fact that it conserves in the food all the delicate flavors and mineral salts which are lost in boiling, and gives us a wholesome, delicious fare with a minimum of effort, expense, and work. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are delicious when prepared in this way." Were it only for the timely hints regarding this labor-saving process, Miss Child's book ought to be in the hands of every progressive housewife.

From this last word on improved cooking it is interesting to turn back a few centuries to see what kind of books used to be written on this subject in those days. The list of Dr. Oxford's English cookery books begins with "This is the Boke of Cokery," dated 1500, and ends with "Common Sense for Housemaids," dated 1850. The author's object has not been to provide a complete list of all the books on domestic art issued in that period, but to select those that offer some interesting peculiarity in title or content. The doctors of our day seem to have lately rediscovered the extreme importance of dieting in medical treatment. In the olden times doctors were expected to know a great deal about the science of cooking; to what extent, may be inferred from the author's remark in the preface that his real interest is in this "combination of cookery with medicine, which is found in most of the early books, and which, continuing through the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was gradually destroyed by the growth of railways." For quaintness of title these old books have few equals. Here are some samples: "Hygiasticon," "A True Gentlewoman's Delight," "The Queen's Closet Opened," "The Compleat Servant-Maid," "A New Digester," "The Whole Duty of a Woman," "Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery."

Somewhat in this antique style is the title of a book for which Vance Thompson has written 32 amusing pages of introduction: "Eat and Grow Thin." It shows how any one may, little by little, and without starving or sacrificing table joys, win back the winsome waist of youth; a matter of extreme importance for health and for good looks, since "our ideal of plastic beauty is the panther and not the pig." All you have to do to become panther-like is to follow a few simple "don'ts": don't sleep too much, don't take a cab, don't drink with your meals, don't drink alcoholic beverages, don't eat bread, don't overeat, and, above all things, don't eat much food containing starch, sugar, or oil. A list is given of edibles that should be avoided; it looks formidable, yet the list of things that may be eaten is far longer. It is embodied in this book in a series of menus for every month in the year. There are also some recipes. Altogether, an admirable little book; and one of the best things about it is that it also serves as a guide to those who wish to eat and grow fatter.

Brief mention must suffice for half-a-dozen other culinary books that have accumulated on our shelves. Edward Spencer's "Cakes and Ale" (Duffield & Co.), an anecdotic "dissertation on banquets," appears in its fourth edition, and its publishers have just issued a companion volume by the same author on drinks of all countries and periods, under the title of "The Flowing Bowl." The gentle art of concocting pure and delicious sweets is taught in Ellye Howell Glover's "Dame Curtsey's Book of Candy-Making" (A. C. McClurg; 50 cents net). The Scribners add to the list two little books for which there ought to be a large demand: "One Hundred Salads" and "One Hundred Desserts," both by Linda Hull Larned (50 cents net each). "The One Maid Book of Cookery," by Mistress A. E. Congreve (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1 net), is more comprehensive. It contains select recipes of all varieties, with plenty of the general information that is becoming essential in books of its kind.

Drama

POMPEY THE GREAT.

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.20 net.

When the author of the "Tragedy of Nan" revives the most turbulent days of the Roman republic, we anticipate a union like that of "fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume." In Mr. Masefield's "Tragedy of Pompey the Great," reissued with modest alterations, the explosive mixture results in a drama startling only by its mildness. The author ignores plot, like a true scion of his century; so far from troubling himself with the passions and situations that would have stirred our unexacting forefathers, he serves us with tactics and politics, administration and seamanship; in a word, with calculations and expedients. The final scene—Pompey's assassination—is so incorrigibly dramatic that it resists all the author's efforts to tone it down to the prevalent colorlessness. The drama, however, stakes its all on the attempt to revivify and rehabilitate the character of Pompey.

Take the solemn melancholy of Shakespeare's Brutus, the ceremonial elegance of Virgil's Æneas, add the recessive and insidious military tactics of Tolstoy's Kutuzof in "War and Peace," and the quality of Mr. Masefield's Pompey becomes clear. He is unassailably correct; towards his associates, reproachfully, compassionately correct. He convicts every one else of bad form; beside him Metellus, the father-in-law, is a trooper, and Cæsar, in his neighborhood, sinks into a Jack Cade. The creation of prigs is the last mischance to which the author of the "Everlasting Mercy" should have been subject, but Pompey's plaintive gentlemanliness almost classes him with that fraternity.

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This may be Nature's revenge on Mr. Masefield for creating desperadoes, or, possibly, the difference between the types has been overestimated. It is unfortunate that the magnanimities of Pompey—retreats, refusals of battle, submissions, blindfold walkings into traps—are of the sort which are more defensible than attractive.

Mr. Masefield often writes English of this brand: "Dead men's souls. They want blood. Licking. Licking blood in the night." This method was once confined to burlesque and there is nothing in Mr. Masefield's employment of the trick to make us regret the forbearance of his predecessors. His diction is often picturesque, magnetic, or hauntingly suggestive, but a fine phrase will cajole him into falsifying a situation or a character.

An experiment in temperance (even of comparatively early date) on the part of a man who has gained renown by audacities, is full of literary interest, but the present play suggests that when Mr. Masefield forsakes his violence, he is forsaken by his strength. He may hold new surprises for us in his inkpot, but at the present hour he ranks with poets and impressionists rather than with thinkers or creators. The whole tragedy moves us less than the two noble concluding lines of the brief lyric that closes the volume:

> God make my brooding soul a rift
> Through which a meaning gleams.

STAGE IMPRESSIONS.

Second Nights. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

In this collection of papers, new and old, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, well known as a writer of facile skill and humorous observation, records his impressions of various theatrical entertainments, ranging from Shakespearean tragedy to the lowest forms of burlesque, offered in New York during the last ten years. They are, as a rule, entertaining rather than instructive reading, although by no means devoid of incisive comment. The sanity displayed in the more serious passages, all too rare, makes it matter for regret that so much space should be devoted to clever but flippant persiflage concerning persons and things of no dramatic or artistic consequence. It may be granted, without reservation, that in his sketches of the cheaper and baser shows the superficial aspects of the performers and their audiences are delineated with a light and veracious touch and broadly comic suggestion, but it may be doubted whether this is just the mood in which some of these subjects, the viler burlesque exhibitions, for instance, ought to be treated.

But if Mr. Ruhl is more often intent upon journalistic glitter than upon artistic proportion or sound analysis, he shows himself possessed of shrewd insight and ample information. And if his appreciations are apt to be over-enthusiastic, his summaries of plays and players are often marked by admirable discrimination. He is particularly felicitous in his treatment of Bernard Shaw, paying the fullest tribute to the brilliancy of his wit and to his phenomenal cleverness, while pointing out that his success is largely due to his astonishing faculty of putting the strongest argument on the wrong side of every question into effective dramatic form, and thus carrying momentary conviction in the theatre by a series of paradoxical strokes. This, doubtless, is part of the truth if not the whole of it, although it will not be accepted by those who still have faith in Mr. Shaw's sincerity as a philosophic thinker. Mr. Ruhl is happy also in his definition of the subtle charm of Miss Maude Adams, which has proved more than equivalent to histrionic genius, and of the artistic petrifaction of Mr. John Drew by the star system. His brief references to a number of other prominent actors of the day—Faversham, Sothern, Gillette, Miss Marlowe, and others—are deft little thumb-nail sketches, mainly true in outline, but too deficient in detail to justify consideration of them as actual portraitures. It may be remarked, however, that his inferential comparison of them with the Italian Novelli is scarcely fair and not at all illuminative. Novelli was a good eccentric comedian, with an extraordinary gift of mimicry and the characteristic theatrical skill of the school in which he was trained, but he was not in any sense a great actor. In actual conception, invention, or emotional power he was not comparable for a moment with Rossi, Ristori, Piamonti, Duse, or Salvini. The particular value of his representations lay in the demonstration by himself and his company of the superiority of the repertory system to any other as a school of acting.

One of the best chapters in the book is that on The Great American Play. It contains an admirable appreciation of Moody's "The Great Divide," just in estimate and clear in comprehension, and an excellent, if cursory, review of the work of Augustus Thomas. The rest of it, dealing somewhat summarily with Sheldon, Booth Tarkington, Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, and other dramatists, does full justice to their several excellences. His discussion of the "relentless" drama of Eugene Walter, in another essay, is also a notably sound bit of critical work, although some persons might employ less complimentary adjectives. It is a pity that the sober judgment in the book should be so disproportionate in amount to the purely journalistic matter.

"Tout à Coup" is the name of a new play in which Sarah Bernhardt has just appeared in Paris. It is the first effort of Paul and Guy de Cassagnac, sons of Paul and grandsons of Granier de Cassagnac.

A dispatch from Paris to the London *Times* says: "M. Jean Richepin, the Academician and poet, is rehearsing 'Macbeth' at the Comédie Française. His version in blank verse of the Shakespearean drama is said to be spirited, and at the same time remarkable in its fidelity. The play in its French dress will be superbly mounted by M. Albert Carré, the new director of the Comédie Française."

M. Bulgakoff, formerly secretary of Count Tolstoy, has been lecturing in St. Petersburg on the contents of the great writer's library, which, he said, numbered 6,950 works (10,000 volumes), in thirty-two languages. The Russian section comprised 3,505 works, the English 3,413, the French 1,045, and the German 602. Among the MSS. was the scenario of a play entiled "Peter Mytar." The chief character is a man who has devoted his life solely to the acquisition of wealth. He has performed no good works. He falls seriously ill, and one night in a dream sees himself being weighed in the scales on the Day of Judgment. The scales are turned in his favor by an old beggar man, who lays in them a loaf which he had thrown at his head to get rid of him. Peter recovers and becomes as open-handed as he was close-fisted before, although his wife and others endeavor to persuade him that his generosity only excites envy and jealousy among the beneficiaries. Eventually he allows himself to be sold into servitude. A friend discovers his whereabouts, and then he "flies away or disappears."

"Chitra," a play in one act, was composed by Rabindranath Tagore some twenty-five years ago, and has been performed in India without scenery, the actors being surrounded by the audience. The author has now translated the little dramatic poem from the Bengali into English for the series of his books which Macmillan is bringing out in uniform style. The subject of the play was suggested by a scene in the great Sanskrit epic, the Mahâbhârata, but Mr. Tagore has developed the theme with entire freedom, as was, of course, quite within his rights. Nor could any one censure him for changing the purport of the incident chosen to something very modern; only the unlearned reader should be advised that the inner spirit of the play is far removed from the ancient India, where the events are supposed to occur. Chitra, the Princess of Manipur, has been brought up in masculine exercises, wearing man's clothes, and has nothing soft or winsome about her. Despite her warlike mind, she has filled her heart with a passionate longing for Arjuna, the divine Prince of the Kurus, whom she has never seen. When Arjuna, in his wanderings, comes to Manipur, Chitra obtains from the gods of Love and Spring a year of perfect beauty, and in that guise, in her proper female attire, she wins the Prince to her arms. But she is not satisfied. She knows that Arjuna is in love with the ephemeral beauty lent her by the gods, rather than with

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her real woman's heart, of which he has no knowledge. Meanwhile Arjuna, too, is dissatisfied—longing for action, cloyed with mere feminine charms, and desiring in his wife a partner in his manly duties. It is a pretty situation, prettily worked out. And there is something piquant in the combination of the old Hindu metaphorical style, half mystical in allusion, with what is really a plea for the emancipation of women.

William Greet, who died recently in England, was widely known in the theatrical world, if not to the general public. He started life in the British navy, but soon tired of the sea. His first theatrical venture was as the business manager of Willie Edouin, but he soon formed a partnership with E. C. Engelbach, and was successful in the provinces with musical comedy. Finally, they got possession of the London Lyric, where they produced "The Sign of the Cross," sharing with Wilson Barrett, and made a fortune. Later, they were associated with the Garrick, Comedy, Adelphi, and other London theatres, and with a number of American enterprises.

Music

MODERN CHORAL CONDUCTING.

Choral Technique and Interpretation. By Henry Coward. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

Latin Songs with Music. Edited by Calvin S. Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Swedish Song Games. By Valborg Kastmann and Greta Köhler. New York: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.

Sixty Musical Games and Recreations. By Laura Rountree Smith. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 75 cents.

Of the hundreds of choral conductors in Great Britain none is more esteemed than Dr. Henry Coward, whose fame, according to Grove, "rests on his remarkable gifts as a trainer of choirs, in which his magnetic personality, poetic insight, boundless enthusiasm, and original methods find full scope." Of these "original methods" his book on choral technique and interpretation gives an account which must be fascinating as well as helpful, not only to conductors of choirs, but of bands and orchestras likewise—in fact, to all students of music who wish to keep abreast of the times. That times have changed is a fact emphasized by Dr. Coward. The advanced and critical audiences of our day demand more dramatic expression than used to characterize choral performances as late as two decades ago; they expect a body of singers to show the same refinement in tone production and shading as a string quartet; they insist on "good diction, that pearl of great price"; they are not satisfied unless a chorus, besides singing beautifully, can also at times "exemplify the sob, the exclamation, the snarl, the laugh—playful, mocking, derisive, or fiendish—the shout of triumph, etc." Modern compositions exhaust the gamut of dramatic emotion. Such things are difficult of execution, and until recently both conductors and societies were inclined to treat them with scant courtesy. "The way difficulties were shirked used to make my blood boil," the author exclaims, "because many new, strange effects were never realized, and the works were consequently damned." To this state of affairs he attributes the fiasco, at its first performance, of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which to him is a masterwork that marked an epoch in choral composition.

Dr. Coward frankly confesses that he began his career as one of those who sought merely for technical finish. He was informed, by one who knew, that while his singers got through the music in a wonderful manner, they missed all the points of expression that go to make singing worth while. This cold douche set him to thinking, and altered his whole course. His chapter on musical expression sums up what he learned. It is preceded by others, on methods of rehearsal, homogeneity, and power of voice, attack, nasal resonance, preservation of voice, breath control, articulation, vowels, consonants; and followed by pages on the swell, climax, attack, characterization, onomatopœic effects, different styles of singing, facial expression, etc. Under the last head he has some amusing comments on the difficulty of making British singers acquire the power of using their faces as a living commentary on the words spoken; a difficulty almost as great as that of obtaining agreeable voices. Dr. Coward informs his readers that in most choral societies, even in those where the voices have been tested, there are "a great majority of untrained voices, which may be roughly classified as follows: Weak and quavery, worn and tinny, harsh and shrill, strident, metallic, shouty, throaty, cavernous, hooty, scoopy, and nondescript." With such voices he has been wrestling for more than thirty years, achieving results that have been praised in superlative terms. All honor to Dr. Coward! Maybe he eulogizes himself a little too loudly in the first chapter, in which he intimates that he was a pathfinder who raised the artistic standard of singing throughout the world. It would be interesting to know if Siegfried Ochs and Dr. Voght, who have such wonderful choirs in Berlin and Toronto, were influenced by his method and example.

Most of the numbers included in Calvin S. Brown's "Latin Songs" are arranged for choirs. He began to collect these songs merely for his own amusement, but decided to publish them on becoming aware that no representative Latin song-book existed. The collection includes classical lyrics, mediæval church hymns, Christmas carols, convivial songs, school songs, lullabies, nursery rhymes, love lyrics, folk-songs, and translations of popular English and German pieces. Those of the Latin poems which are translations are accompanied by the original versions. More good specimens of melodious music are seldom brought between two covers. Many of them are folksongs.

The lilt of folk music will also be found in the illustrations accompanying the Swedish song games devised for school, home, and playground by Valborg Kastman and Greta Köhler. Miss Köhler has had a wide experience in teaching these games in Sweden, and many of them have already become popular in this country. Some are simple enough for the kindergarten. A number of full-page pictures illustrate the principal games. With the intention of making pupils' recitals interesting, Laura Rountree Smith has prepared a volume of a somewhat similar character to the foregoing, and equally commendable for its purpose. Some of the games have a distinct educational value, as they teach time and keys, and in other ways awaken an interest in music.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Sinding's "Der Heilige Berg," the Norwegian composer's first opera, was produced on April 19 in the Hoftheater at Dessau in Anhalt. The work had a very good reception from the public, but critics did not praise it highly. Sinding's genius is much more lyrical than dramatic. The music is said to be very beautiful in parts, and its workmanship thorough and scholarly; but it is deficient in real passion, and gives the impression that the composer is following his models too closely, and has not chosen a medium in which he is happy.

In an interview in the London *Daily News*, Mr. Albert Visetti, the veteran music teacher, advises English singers against going to the Continent to be trained. Owing to the humidity of the climate the English voice is naturally weak, whereas the Italian voice is robust. In Continental classes the English pupils, being in a minority, have to conform to methods of training that are unsuitable for their needs. Further, the great aim of the Continental master is to produce an operatic star, but singers who will have to earn their livelihood in England need especially to be taught oratorios and ballad singing. It is disastrous for English singers to go abroad to be "finished." Having been trained for years to sing in one way, they are expected to learn in a few months to sing in a totally different way, and the result is fatal. At the same time, Mr. Visetti strongly recommends a course of Continental travel for the singer whose voice is fully developed or "set."

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Art

RODIN'S "CATHEDRALS."

Les Cathédrales de France. By Auguste Rodin. With an Introduction by Charles Morice. Paris: Armand Colin. Illustrated. *Broché*, 50 francs; bound, 70 francs.

What Rodin thinks of the cathedrals of France is interesting because the world is interested in knowing what to think of Rodin himself. It has about made up its mind that Rodin the sculptor is a great and a very original disciple of Michelangelo—and Michelangelo means Renaissance, and French cathedrals mean Gothic Middle Ages. Is Saul also among the prophets?

It is not certain that some subconscious work of conversion is not going on here—for Rodin is a Frenchman, and the French national mind is changing ground, which is a prelude to movement, backward or forward, as may be seen from Maurice Barrès's newest book on "La grande pitié des Eglises de France." Nor is Rodin like Pugin, who, three-quarters of a century ago, whirled English Romantics about to look at the "contrasts between the noble buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the productions of an age marked by the decline of taste." For Rodin has written and illustrated not art history and not archæology nor art criticism—and still less religious art. His own words shall tell the tale:

I, too, have changed, and I find the new in the known—beauty in forms which of old I understood not. These transformations of mine have come most of all from my work: still studying and more sedulously, I can say I have always more ardently and more lucidly loved.

Little by little I have come to our old cathedrals, and have been able to penetrate the secret of their life, ever new under the changing heavens. Now I can say I owe to them my best joys. . . . Snow, rain, and sun find me often before them like a road-tramp of France.

In my pilgrimages, I have had few companions. They were neither architects nor sculptors nor poets nor priests nor statesmen—they were foreigners, verifying what Baedeker says. . . .

At every visit, they entrust me with new secrets. They have taught me the art of using the shadow with which it is meet to envelop the work; and I understand the lesson they give us by the swelling lines they always practice. *French cathedrals are born of Nature in France.* . . .

Do you pretend when the Druidic majesty of great cathedrals appears far off and amazes you, that it results from natural and chance causes; for example, from their isolation in the open country? You deceive yourself. The soul of Gothic art is in that voluptuous decline of shadows and lights, giving rhythm to the whole edifice, and constraining it to live. A science is there which has been lost—an ardor reflective, measured, patient, and strong, which our avid, agitated age is incapable of understanding. We must live again in the past, go back to principles, to recover strength. Taste reigned in other days in our country—we must become French again! Initiation to Gothic beauty is initiation to the truth of our race, of our sky, of our landscape.

As might be expected from Rodin's art, such vital thoughts are thrown out in his writing exuberantly, unexpectedly, without order or system or philosophy—or religion. At times you would think some cultured Walt Whitman passing by had been caught by the joy of life in these cathedral carvings of Space, with their poetry of light and shadow, and was singing it back to our puzzled ears:

It is the air, at once so light and so sweet, that gave our artists their grace and refined their taste. The adorable national skylark, alert and graceful, is the image of their genius. With like flight he darts upward and the soaring of the lace-wrought stone takes rainbow hues in the gray air like birds' wings.

By dint of repetition, as when we come back again and again to look at some obscure sculpture of Rodin, we begin to understand. Perhaps we understand more than Rodin himself intends, for in him, as in Socrates, thought and emotion grow precise only by a deliverance of the spirit; or as with Wordsworth:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief.

Rodin's emotion may be helpful to the cathedral-gazer who would fain be heir of all the ages and tune his impressions to these persistent rhythms and harmonies. Even the most rooted renouncer of Rodin, his works and pomps—for such there are, as in the days of Puvis de Chavannes's glory, when reactionary Paris art schools gave rendezvous to the cry, "Mort à Puvis!"—will never deny him an extraordinarily sensitive response to all that penetrates into the soul through the eye. Knowledge and intuition of the religion giving the impulse creative of cathedrals—"The conscious stone to beauty grew"—may be thought infantine in him; but there, where they were wrought ages ago in sad sincerity, he comes now with keen and trained eye to appraise their lights and shadows and contours defining Space for the eye's pleasure. This constituted Beauty for the philosophers of the cathedral-builders' time—"Pulchrum est quod visum placet." Rodin, from his own working art, utters his "initiation to the Art of the Middle Ages":

Cathedrals impose the feeling of confidence, conviction, peace—how? By harmony.

Harmony, in living bodies, results from the counterbalancing of masses under displacement; the cathedral is constructed after the example of living bodies. . . .

Every one knows that the human body, in movement, sways from the perpendicular and regains equilibrium by compensations. . . . This carrying the weight of the body from one leg to the other is called, in popular workman's language, "untiring one's self"—and so a Caryatid might change shoulders with her burden.

Such indications are not without interest for cathedrals. The sway from the perpendicular, thus compensated, and the constant and unconscious gestures of life, explain for us the principle which the architects of the flying buttress applied, having need of it to stay up solidly the tremendous weight of their roofs.

And since every rational application of a just principle has happy consequences in every domain, beyond the immediate foresight of wise man and artisan, so the Gothics were great painters because they were great architects. Of course, we are taking the word "painter" in a vast, general sense. The colors wherein the painters of whom we speak dip their brushes are the very light and shade of day and the two twilights. The planes, obtained by the great oppositions which cathedral-builders were bound to seek, have not solely an interest of equilibrium and solidity; they border off beside those deep shadows and beautiful lights which clothe the edifice so magnificently.

Only effects of such intensity could ring out to great distances. Now the cathedral rose up to dominate the city gathered round it as if under its wings, and to serve as a rallying point and refuge to pilgrims lost in far-off ways—their lighthouse to strike living eyes as far by day as Angelus-bell and tocsin could strike living ears by night.

Are not these sovereign aims of architecture those, too, of sculpture? . . . The sculptor attains great expression only by giving all his study to the harmonic plays of light and shade exactly as the architect does. . . . Sculpture is only a species in the measureless genus of architecture, and we ought never speak of that without subordinating it to this.

How "masterpieces (*chefs-d'œuvre*)" are masterpieces I know—and I am glad to know. It is just the same as how great souls are great souls. . . . All masterpieces quite naturally would be open to the crowd if the crowd of men had not lost simplicity. But, even in a time when crowds have become incapable of understanding, it is still with the popular feeling—with an *âme de foule*—that the artist must live to be able to conceive and create the masterpiece. . . . .

Gothic architecture, which presupposes the crowd, and is intended for the crowd, speaks to it the great simple language of masterpieces.

This is as it may be—and we have severely left out technical, yet quite accessible, proofs from example—but this is enough to show we have here no common voice crying in the wilderness of present art. Such living utterances must be taken in pages where they are found, for the most experienced index-maker would give over with Rodin. There is a division on Nature in France and Notes on the Romanesque style; then, for Gothic, there are notes at Etampes,

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Nantes, Nevers, Amiens, Le Mans, Soissons (at even-tide), Rheims (by night), Laon, and Chartres (these worth comparing with the prodigious volume of Huysmans). The plates—most Rodinesque, with illumination and visible darkness, and a resistless linking with Renaissance contours showing the artist's conversion is not exclusive—are scattered amiably without offensive connection with the text. A word remains to be said of Charles Morice's Introduction, leading the Philistine by the hand from Middle Age and Renaissance through the life, death, and resurrection of the cathedral to Rodin's mission. It has missed only the seminal principle: *Cathedra*—the seat of the crowd's bishop, his functions, prayer, and pomp.

Finance

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE NEW BANKING SYSTEM.

With membership of the Federal Reserve Board, which will supervise the new banking and currency system, nearly completed, and with preliminary work for organizing the regional central banks already under way, the beginning of that highly important experiment is now in sight. The attitude of the public towards it, and particularly that of the financial community, has been alternately hopeful and doubtful, and with some reason for each attitude.

That the passage, in December, of the amended bill was greeted with great enthusiasm, every one will remember. Following that outburst of cheerfulness came numerous disappointments (from the point of view of the financial markets) in President Wilson's general policy on the question of corporation legislation, and misgiving began to spread as to what class of appointees would be selected for the national board of the new banking system. This attitude of distrust was probably emphasized by the feelings with which the somewhat erratic assignments of regional banks and of the banking districts, by the Organization Committee, were received. This in turn was dispelled by the excellence of the President's appointments to the Federal Reserve Board, announced two weeks ago. Three of the strongest of these five nominees have accepted the appointment; the other two have declined, but the general purpose shown in the selections seemed to guarantee that they would be replaced by equally competent men.

Thus the matter stands, on the eve of the actual building-up of the machinery for the new banking system. As the time approaches for the inauguration of this country's experiment in banking and currency reform, which may prove to be epoch-making, the interest of the financial markets and of the people at large, in what is to be its actual bearing on the situation, naturally increases. The single wish of all classes in the community is that the new system may be wisely, prudently, and successfully introduced, and it is fully realized that the manner and spirit of its introduction will have much to do with insuring a maximum of immediate usefulness.

It hardly need be said that confidence in the wisdom, broadmindedness, and conservatism of the men who will administer the system is a prerequisite of paramount importance. It is equally certain that the public speeches and public attitude of these men will do much to shape opinion as to their probable policy in office. Whether last week's speech to the North Carolina bankers by the Controller of the Currency, who will be ex-officio a member of the Federal Reserve Board, can be said to have contributed to such public confidence, may reasonably be doubted. Mr. Williams had some sensible things to say regarding the real purpose of the new plan of centralized banking. He pointed out its anticipated effect in rendering impossible, hereafter, just the kind of panics with which we have habitually been confronted at the end of our cycles of prosperity, and indicated clearly what it can accomplish and what it cannot accomplish.

Unfortunately, this was not the real burden of the speech. The financial organism which centred in Wall Street, during the days of mad promotion and speculation, a dozen years ago, made itself, through its excesses of the day, a proper target for vigorous public condemnation and for effectual restrictive legislation. Sober critics pointed out the evil and attacked the practices—with eventual success in stopping their continuance—at the time when they were in full tide of seeming success, and when it was not so popular a task to assail such abuses as it is to-day, when every street-corner gossip has his own verdict of censure to set forth to his admiring associates. But those who fought the battles of 1901 and 1902 against the arrogance of the Captains are the very people who have been most impressed with impatience, verging on contempt, at the wild vituperations and wilder superstitions in which the La Follettes, the Lindberghs, the Henrys, and their like, have been indulging, now that they find the public ready to accept whatever any one has to say in denunciation of the Money Power.

This is the reason why the Controller of the Currency's talk at Raleigh about "the walled city from which the barons levied tribute" (meaning New York); about the "sudden swoop of feudal magnates" who could at will "precipitate a panic," and about this unhappy United States which "bleeds and sweats to the big financial centres," was something to be received with emphatic disapproval. One would not need to dispute the allegations of a vicious system, in order to feel very positive objection to this rodomontade, proceeding, in a discussion of a great economic experiment, from a public official who will be on the national board to conduct it.

We are living, as every one knows, in times when extravagance of ideas on the one hand, and extravagance of speech on the other, have grown to be pretty much the order of the day. But people in charge of delicate and important experiments in public affairs are subject to particular requirements as to sobriety of speech and serious mastery of the subject. This latest incident compels the inquiry, whether it might not at least be more becoming, if men entrusted with great public responsibilities of this sort were to discuss such problems in the style of Walter Bagehot, and not of Thomas W. Lawson.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Arkwright, William. The Trend. Lane. $1.25 net.
Danby, F. Full Swing. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Dreiser, T. The Titan. Lane. $1.40 net.
Foster, D. S. The Road to London. Franklin Book Company.
Hume, F. The Lost Parchment. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Lennox, A. G. A Girl's Marriage. Lane. $1.25 net.
Mills Young, F. E. The Purple Mists. Lane. $1.30 net.
Morris, G. The Incandescent Lady. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Raine, W. Macleod. The Pirate of Panama. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Tremlett, Mrs. H. Curing Christopher. Lane. $1.25 net.
Wren, P. C. Snake and Sword. Longmans. $1.35 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Ashby, T. A. The Valley Campaigns. Neale. $2 net.
Bowen, J. J. The Strategy of Robert E. Lee. Neale. $2 net.
Dowd, J. The Negro Races. Neale. $2.50 net.
Hughes, A. E. The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement. Berkeley: University of California.
Marins, J. P. Oliveira. The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Masson, D. Shakespeare Personally. Dutton. $2 net.
Pitou, A. Masters of the Show. Neale. $2 net.
Strindberg, A. The Growth of a Soul. McBride Nast. $1.25 net.
Woodward, W. H. Cesare Borgia. Dutton. $3.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bailey, T. P. Race Orthodoxy in the South. Neale. $1.50 net.
Brown, W. G. The New Politics. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Capen, E. W. Sociological Progress in Mission Lands. Revell. $1.50 net.
Dowrie, G. W. The Development of Banking in Illinois. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Klein, J. J. Standard Oil or the People. Author, Tribune Bldg. 50 cents.
Miller, K. Out of the House of Bondage. Neale. $1.50 net.

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Woodburn, J. A. Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States. Second revised and enlarged edition. Putnam. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Lee, C. With Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. Neale.
Nassau, R. H. My Ogowe. Neale. $3 net.
Roscoe, E. S. Penn's Country. Longmans. 90 cents net.
Williams, E. R. Lombard Towns in Italy. Dodd, Mead. $1.75 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Auerbach, J. Essays and Miscellanies. Harper.
Bryan, W. J. The Prince of Peace. The Making of a Man. The Royal Art. Revell. 35 cents net each.
Burrage, C. Nazareth and the Beginnings of Christianity. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Chase, F. H. The Gospels in the Light of Historical Criticism. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Jastrow, M. Babylonian-Assyrian Birth Omens. Stechert.
Knudson, A. C. The Beacon Lights of Prophecy. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Lyttleton, E. The Corner-Stone of Education. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Stacpoole, de Vere. The New Optimism. Lane. $1 net.
Youtz, H. A. The Enlarging Conception of God. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Report of the U. S. National Museum. 1913. Washington.
Bibliotheca Pepysiana. Parts I and II. London: Sidgwick & Jackson.
Burton, M. E. The Education of Women in Japan. Revell. $1.25 net.
Clark, C. P. Numerical Phraseology in Virgil. Princeton University.
Dodd, W. G. Courtly Love in Chaucer. Boston: Ginn. $2.
Kinney, T. and M. W. The Dance. Stokes. $3.50 net.
Locher, C. Dictionary of the Organ. Trans. by C. P. Landi. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Matson, E. A Book of Inscriptions. McBride, Nast. $1.10 net.
Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College.
Saga Book of the Viking Society. Vol. VIII. Part I. London: University of London.
Stephens, W. French Novelists of Today. Lane. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Anderson, R. C. Animals in Social Captivity. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.
Butterfield, W. H. Making Fences, Walls, and Hedges. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Gregory, J. W. The Nature and Origin of Fiords. London: Murray. $5 net.
Haberlandt, G. Physiological Plant Anatomy. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
Levick, M. G. Antarctic Penguins. McBride Nast. $1.50 net.
Price, E. W. The Essence of Astronomy. Putnam. $1 net.
Scott, T. B. The Road to a Healthy Old Age. Hoeber. $1.
Thompson, H. S. Flowering Plants of the Riviera. Longmans. $3 net.

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